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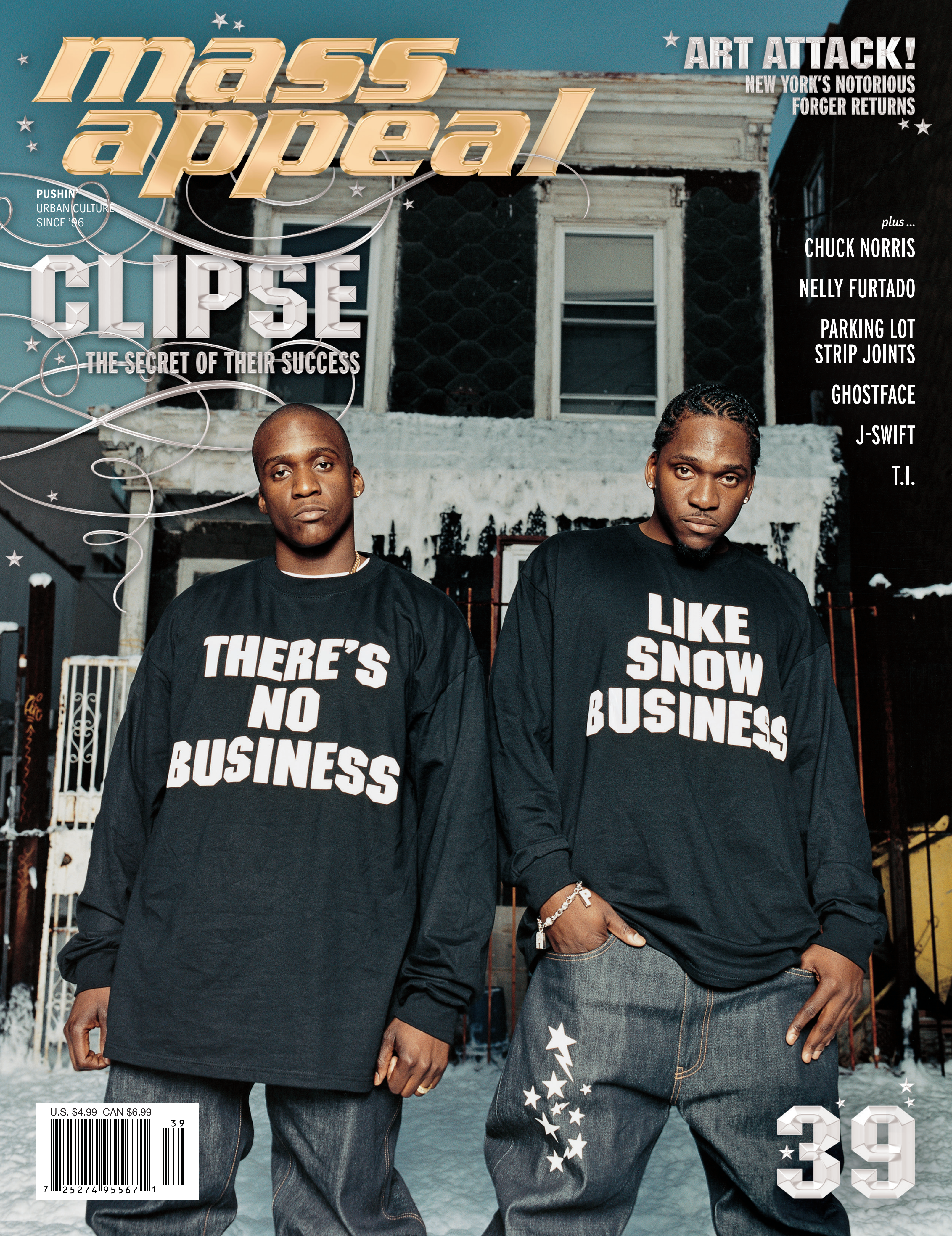

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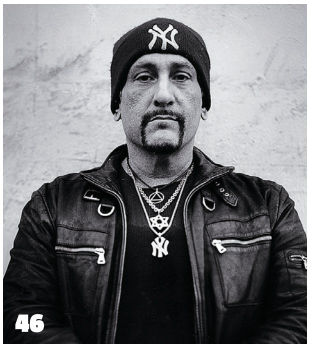
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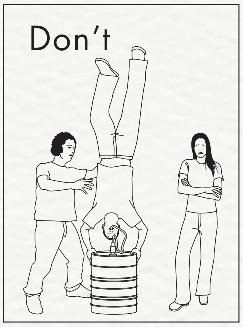

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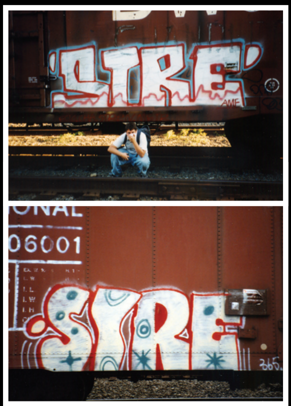

This issue is dedicated to one of our founders, Patrick Elasik aka Sire 365, who passed away a year ago this month. Pat believed in the magazine and our culture from day one, and we are proud that we're still here ten years later, bigger and stronger than ever! No one ever thought that a little basement graffiti 'zine would blow up and really reach "Mass Appeal". But ten years later it has.

It's been sad going on without you, but everyone has come together to help us through this roller coaster year. Thanks to all our contributors and advertisers for their continuing support through the tough times. One love SIRE 365, in the blink of an eye.... *Mass Appeal* will be 20 years strong! We know you're up there looking out for us! -The *Mass Appeal* Crew

EDITOR'S LETTER:

It's recently come to my attention that I use the exclamation mark too often. As if being *excited* about something is a crime. Pishhah. As an experiment, I'm going to see if I can get through this entire Editor's Letter without using this apparently deplorable mark. I'm perfectly capable of maintaining an even temper, friends. Contrary to popular belief, my unbridled enthusiasm can be kept at bay. Yes way.

But still, there is reason to be excited. The Clipse (my favorite sibling rap duo since Kane & Abel) is on our cover with so much white, they make April look like December. Bust two shots in the air for the big homie Jon Caramanica, who slid through for a quick heart-to-heart with the Neighborgood P and Malicious ["Keep on Pushin'," pg. 66]. Oh, and lest we forget Big Baby "Uncle" Shane O'Cadja Nash. Look at the Clipse flicks on our pages—you know the boy keeps it funky. Holler at *shanenash.com* for some classic pictures, you bitches. It's a movement. Brrrrrrrrat. (See? That was with the silencer on.)

Another reason for some (i.e. haters) to be excited is that I won't really be in the *Mass Appeal* office much anymore. Oh yes, the rumors are true. I'm like Big Brother now, watching over their every move from an undisclosed satellite location. You already know Mac "Time 4 Sum Akshun" Jackson is the Melvin Van Peebles of this magazine shit. Proof? Check out his profile on Basquiat forger-turned-inmate-turned-gun-toting-artist Alfredo Martinez ["Studio Gangster," pg. 60]. For a second heaping of the realness, Art Vandalay sat down with former Pharcyde producer J-Swift ["Bizarre Ride,"pg. 48], who speaks on his battles with crack addiction and homelessness. Looking for employment? We sat down with a medical marijuana master to find out about the, um, budding industry ["Career Watch," pg. 44].

But it's not all serious social investigation—the Rugged Man got up with Chuck Norris (honestly, why didn't this happen before?) for a bit of film talk and body hair comparison ["Sinematic Enema," pg. 40]. Meanwhile, T.I. summoned his Pimp $quad for an Italian feast ["Dine Piece," pg. 36] and Detroit tough guy Trick Trick rallied the Goon Squad to reveal the truth about his infamous smack downs on D-Block, Trick Daddy and Everlast ["Fight Club," pg. 18]. For our fashion spread, we decided to revisit the good ol' days, when Diddy was still Puffy, and a man named Hype changed the game with nothing but a bolt of shiny fabric and a fish-eye lens ["Stakes is High," pg. 80]. The perpetually sharp-dressed Livingroom Johnston came through big this issue with a short story ["A Day In The Life of Livingroom Johnston: Whisky," pg. 26] and a tribute to the late Harold Hunter [pg. 16]. I can't forget big D. Ross, who caught up with NYC punk predecessor Handsome Dick Manitoba ["OG Status, pg. 46]. Oh, and you might have noticed sexy Eunice on our new back page ["Miss Appeal," pg. 114]. The streets were asking for some Ass Appeal, so there you have it. She's quite lovely, don't you agree?

I can't lie, a tear just dropped my eye—this is my final Editor's Letter. I have to say thank you to everyone who's held me down since day one, when I was just a lean, green transcribing machine. But *MA* is only getting bigger, with the genesis of our sister mag, *Missbehave,* about to hit stands (I see you H.K.). Fret not, I'll still be lurking in the shadows as Editorial Director, but I'm handing the reigns to Big Mac and of course Young Dame, the Doogie Howser, M.D. of this rap shit. That's the thing about *Mass Appeal*—we're like family, so once you're in, you can't ever get rid of us, no matter how many times you legally change your name, move to the suburbs and get reconstructive surgery. We're gonna gitcha.

Thanks for the memories/snarky comments behind my back,

Brendan Frederick
Editor-In-Chief

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MASCOT Pretty Boy Osborne who secretly loves John Mayer. (shhhhhh!)

CORRECTION In Issue #38, "Hey, You're Cool": Kimbra Makeup by Jason Haun

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DYLAN MADDUX

LA born Dylan Maddox went from shooting taco trucks in California for this issue of *Mass Appeal* ["Wheeling and Dealing," Pg. 74] to playing dominoes with E-40 in between shooting the Wash House Crew and local gangs in Hawaii to being arrested while under the influence a mere two days after landing in the Philippines, on assignment to shoot hip hop stars and beautiful Philippino models. We all should be so lucky.

RUSS BENGSTON

At 34, Russ Bengtson is fast on his way out of the most cherished consumer demographic. Born and raised on Long Island, he spent his college years in Delaware before moving to Manhattan. He currently lives in the shadow of the Empire State Building. Formerly the Editor In Chief of *SLAM* magazine, he now serves as a Contributing Editor, writes near-daily (or tries to) at *twentythreenine.blogspot.com* and rides his bikes a lot. He probably has more shoes than you do. Shoutout to Ol' Dirty Bunny. This month Russ schools sneak freaks on the history of the New Balance Worthys. ["Kickin' It," Pg. 92].

HOWARD HUANG

Academy of Art College graduate Howard Huang is as good as it gets. Not only was he the apprentice of meritorious photographer, Peter Turner, the man has shot everything from national Fortune 500 ad campaigns to celebrity fashion layouts. So you know it was only a matter of time before Huang and *Mass Appeal* crossed paths. While not the jiggiest man, even Puffy would be proud of this month's fashion story, "Stakes is High" [Pg. 80].

ANDREAS GONZALES

What do you get when you mix a love of vodka with a penchant for photography? You wind up with 28-year-old Andreas Gonzales. He was recently chosen as one of *Photo District News Magazine's* 30 Emerging Photographers to watch in 2006. Suffice to say, A.G. stays on his grizzle. For this issue of *Mass Appeal,* the self-professed "Project Runway" addict shot budding comedian Russell Peters for the latest installment of "Hey, You're Cool" [Pg. 30].

AXEL DUPEUX

Turns out the Redhook neighborhood is not like being in Kansas and it sure as hell ain't Paris. But to French-born photographer du jour Axel Dupeux, it's nothing! Around midnight he showed up to what looked like a mass murderer's lair and shot this issue's "Studio Gangster" [pg. 60]. Berlin-trained Axel hustled doing odd jobs and taught before saving up enough loot to make the move to NY, where making the rounds with *MA* brought out the beast in him. Aside from washing his hands every twenty-minutes, "'cause otherwise the world is gonna end", Axel is hungry for work and can be contacted for more adventures at *axeldupeux.com*

FROM THE FRONT LINES

On The Cover: Clipse shot by Shane Nash.

SETTING UP SHOP: *MASS APPEAL* CREW BRINGS THE BLIZZARD.

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DUCK HUNT

YOUNG PEOPLE

illustration: **Miguel Perez**

Remember when *Mass Appeal* used to be...cool? Well, no one can be expected to remember that far back. Okay, how about this: Remember when the space shuttle exploded? Yeah, that was crazy—really shook everyone up. What's that? You don't recall the tragic plight of Challenger? You didn't sob until your sheets were soaked—or your dad slapped you in the mouth and told you to act like a man—thinking about the final, terrifying moments of life for poor Christie McAuliffe, the school teacher who beat out 10,000 applicants for her spot on the shuttle? What's that? You weren't alive in 1986? Wait, you weren't even sperm, swinging in your daddy's biiiiig nuts back when Challenger busted off, and now you're bagging girls with them big old butts? Actually, now you exclusively bag 18-year-old Asian girls with no butt (a.k.a. the must-have Orchard St. accessory for every season), but that's a whole 'nother Duck Hunt entirely. Focus, friends, focus.

We say all of that to say this: when the fuck did we get so fucking old?!?!?!?!!!!? FUCK! There was a time not so long ago, at least it doesn't feel like that long ago, when we were "cutting edge" and "on the verge." Back when Eminem stuck safely to illegal drugs. Back when the only people who'd spent copious amounts of time fantasizing about feltching Lindsey Lohan were our little pre-teen brothers (and fathers). Back when graffiti wasn't every dickhead art student's entre into the art world. You remember that? Back before cocaine became cool, again? Back when America had given up on the War On Drugs and the War On Terrorism was just sperm swimming in its daddy Dick Cheney's biiiig nuts. Back when the President fucked ugly girls in the mouth, but at least he didn't fuck us in the ass (unless we were on welfare, or living in Kosovo). Back when we would get excited about having sex. Back when it lasted 7-10 rounds, before halftime. Back when—God, just kill us now, why don't you?

The reality of our age truly sets in when that sexy girl in the spizzle tells you she's only 18—the same age as your little sister. Da-da-da-da-da-damn. A lot can happen with an eight year head start (the entire world was created in a week—do the math), and young shorty wop has lived a very different life from your own. Consider this—these people who somehow got lumped in with your "peer" group can't even recall the simple hunter-gather society that existed before the dawn of the internets. Communicating primarily in the Instantmessangerese language since the first tinglings of puberty, this young species lives a life full of genuine emoticons, esoteric abbreviations and relentlessly meaningless three-minute conversations. Remember when cable TV first came out? No? Hm...You're right, MTV is probably just a catchy name for a channel that has never actually played any music videos. It's been so long we're even having a hard time remembering.

Alas, it seems our heyday is set to go the way of the buffalo. We've tried to ignore the new breed of circle-jerking youths encircling our spot. But the more we try to isolate ourselves from the consequence-free follies of the hip-haute snot-noseds, the more it seems their baby-faced ice grills are around every corner, smoking cigarettes while finger-bang-banging their Sidekicks all night long. The time has come to put the fake ID away, stop making us all look like silly spoiled stepchildren and most importantly, respect our goddamn *authoritay*.

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REST IN PEACE

HAROLD HUNTER

Unfortunately, on Friday, February 10, 2006 Harold Hunter was discovered deceased in his home. Within minutes people all over the world knew. We were and still are very upset. I don't have to say Harold will be missed. Harold and everyone who knows, or knew about him, knows that.

I was 16 and Harold was 14 when we met. We hung out at a shop called Skate N.Y.C. on Avenue A on the Lower East Side. We would all eat junk food and make fun of one another. Harold was small in size and would learn every trick in the book, faster than anyone. He was destined to be a professional skateboarder. I knew it from day one. Harold put a stamp on the world. He would say, "LEGENDS NEVER DIE!" and he meant that.

From Skate N.Y.C Harold traveled the world, was in movies, magazines, skate videos, on billboards, etc. He rolled with the best and was well-received and respected. He dealt with love and hate easily. He would take the negative and turn it to positive by enhancing his skills, leaving jealous shit-talkers right where they stood, while he moved blocks, avenues, countries—ahead at the speed of light. I have never met anyone who could say he mistreated them when they met him or saw him on the street skating, walking or in a nightclub.

When I got wind of the news Harold left us, I went straight to the Hunter residence.

"I don't want to be around nobody crying!" stated Ronald Hunter, the oldest of the three Hunter brothers (Michael being the youngest). "Harold wasn't that kind of person!"

With the tremendous amount of weight on his shoulders, Ronald is still able to smile and talk about his younger brother's comical personality. "I can just picture Harold looking down at us! He would be like, "Look at these motherfuckers! I died and they don't even know what to do!" Harold spoke of his grandmother, who is also no longer with us, about how strict and beautiful she was. How one day, Harold put a sticker on the front door and was warned several times to remove it. Harold, being strong headed, left it there until she got used to it and left the issue alone.

With several people mourning in the apartment, Ronald took the lead and put a smile on everyone's face. "I want to talk and look at the good things about Harold! He was a good man. There's too much positive about him to sit around and cry!", says Ronald.

No doubt, I do cry over Harold, but I know he's somewhere appreciating us all smiling in memory of him.

words: ***Livingroom Johnston*** *photo:* ***Angela Boatwright***

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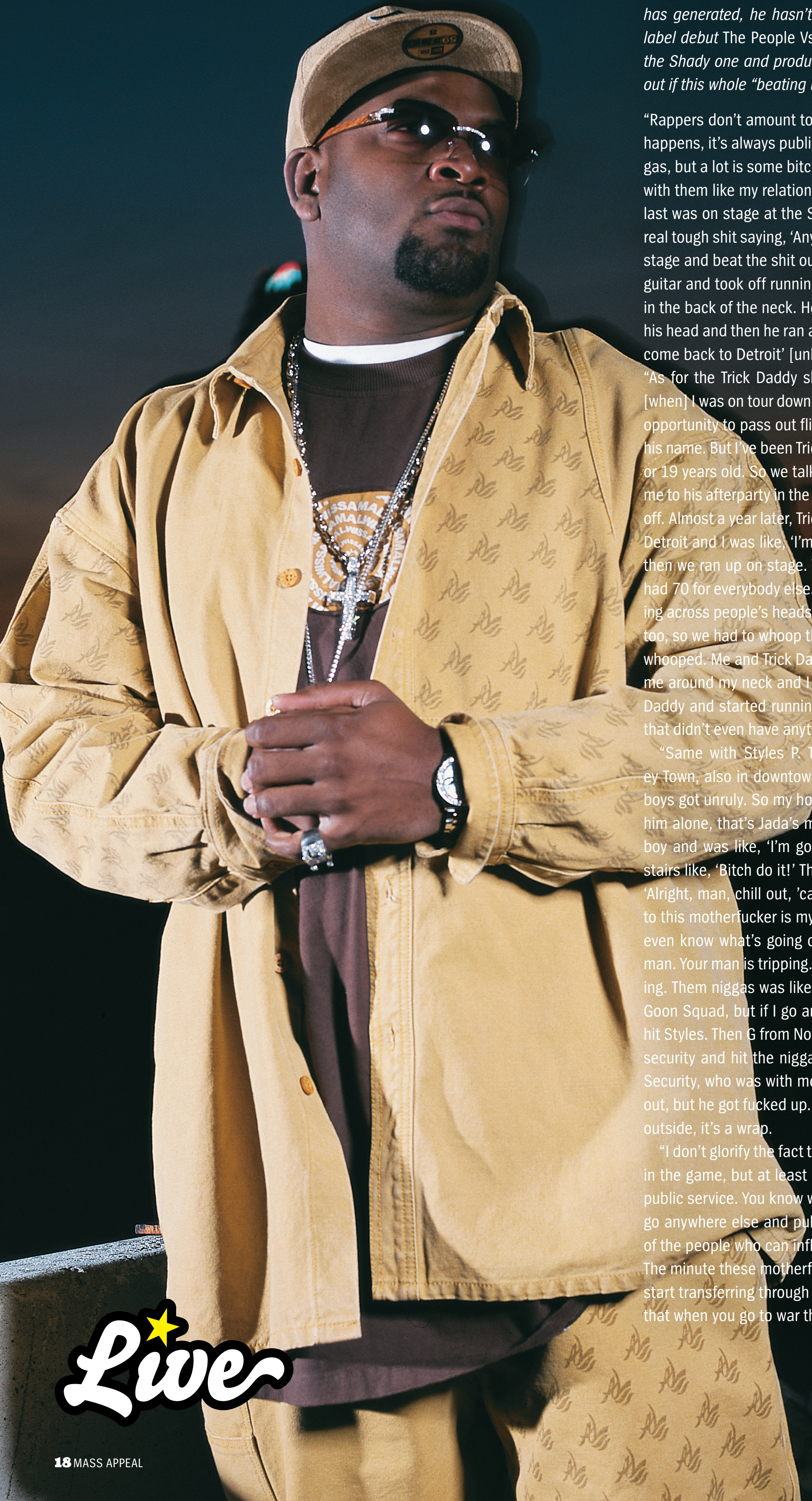
FIGHT CLUB

TRICK TRICK

It's become so cliché now to talk about so-and-so being your favorite rapper's favorite rapper. Thankfully we won't be going there. Introducing Detroit's own Christian "Trick Trick" Mathis, 33. He may not be your favorite rapper's favorite rapper, but there's a distinct possibility that he beat the shit out of him. Studio gangstas can exhale though—beating up rappers is only his hobby. And given his recent spot on last year's Anger Management Tour and the huge buzz his hit, "Welcome 2 Detroit," featuring Eminem, has generated, he hasn't had much time for his hobbies. Now promoting his major label debut The People Vs. *[Motown, '05], which boasts two guest appearances from the Shady one and production from Denaun Porter and Jazze Pha,* Mass Appeal *finds out if this whole "beating up rappers" thing is nothing more than an urban legend.*



"Rappers don't amount to one-eighth of people that had to get served up, but when it happens, it's always publicly known. A few of these niggas in the rap game are real niggas, but a lot is some bitches. I want to pick out the real niggas and build relationships with them like my relationship with Eminem. That's like my little brother. So when Everlast was on stage at the St. Andrews Hall in Detroit in 2002 and started talking some real tough shit saying, 'Any Eminem fans want some? You can get it,' we just rushed the stage and beat the shit out of him and his band. It was about 15 of us. He grabbed his guitar and took off running down some stairs, but I got him and gave him some shots in the back of the neck. He got a couple punches, a couple kicks and a couple foots in his head and then he ran and hid in the freezer. But that was enough to say, 'Bitch don't come back to Detroit' [unless you] make your peace with Eminem.

"As for the Trick Daddy shit, that wasn't even with Trick Daddy. It was with his boys [when] I was on tour down in Miami. He was having a birthday party and I was using that opportunity to pass out fliers. His boys was saying that I was trying to steal fame off of his name. But I've been Tricky since I was four. We changed it to Trick Trick when I was 18 or 19 years old. So we talked it out for a minute and then they tried to pretty much lure me to his afterparty in the hood and I was like, 'Fuck y'all' and I got in my truck and drove off. Almost a year later, Trick Daddy was performing at this party at Legend in downtown Detroit and I was like, 'I'm about to smash these niggas.' I let him do a few songs and then we ran up on stage. You gotta deal with security and police up in the club, so we had 70 for everybody else. So everybody started throwing bows and bottles were cracking across people's heads. His hype man caught it the worst. Then the police jumped in too, so we had to whoop they ass. And the security niggas that worked there had to get whooped. Me and Trick Daddy was scrapping for a little bit and then the police grabbed me around my neck and I had to turn around and fight with them. Police grabbed Trick Daddy and started running with him. He was being a man, helping out with some shit that didn't even have anything to do with him 'cause he's riding for his niggas.

"Same with Styles P. They was just coming to this afterparty that was at Hockey Town, also in downtown Detroit. I was chopping it up with Jadakiss, but one of his boys got unruly. So my homie was about to smash this nigga, and I'm like, 'Nah, leave him alone, that's Jada's man.' I tell the nigga, 'You straight, man.' Then he tapped his boy and was like, 'I'm gonna fuck him up,' talking about me. So I jumped down the stairs like, 'Bitch do it!' Then security came, but the fucker kept on woofing. I was like, 'Alright, man, chill out, 'cause your boy who you here with and paid your way to come to this motherfucker is my nigga.' By now, Jada's downstairs in the damn car. He don't even know what's going on inside. So when Styles came over I was like, 'Jada is my man. Your man is tripping.' He's like, 'Fuck ya'll Detroit niggas,' and it was on and cracking. Them niggas was like, 'It's D-Block in this bitch.' I was only with Big Tone from the Goon Squad, but if I go anywhere, I'm automatically with half of the club. So Big Tone hit Styles. Then G from Nothing to Lose hit another one of they men. Then I went around security and hit the nigga that started this shit. A couple of them niggas got it bad. Security, who was with me, threw Styles down the steps. I don't think he got stomped out, but he got fucked up. Afterwards they wouldn't let me go outside 'cause once I get outside, it's a wrap.

"I don't glorify the fact that I can outpower the majority of the motherfuckers that are in the game, but at least every time I put my hands on a motherfucker, I know I did a public service. You know why? 'Cause these motherfuckers will think twice before they go anywhere else and pull that shit again. It saves their life and the lives and futures of the people who can inflict this sort of pain and suffering. Ain't nobody untouchable. The minute these motherfuckers get that through their head, a whole lot of respect will start transferring through this game. Don't nobody like a war 'cause a real nigga know that when you go to war there's a chance you might die."

words: **Toshitaka Kondo** *photos:* **Joshua Moore**

Live

RICKY POWELL IS...THE DOLOIST

YO, I AIN'T TECHNICAL (C'MON HAZEL, PASS THAT FUCK'N JAZZ CIGARETTE...)

Actors as Sports Dudes in Movies:
1) Robert Redford in *The Dick Vermeil Story*
2) Andy Garcia in *The Manu Ginobili Story*
3) Edward G. Robinson in *The Nate Robinson Story*

"What the Hell is goin' out there !?!"—Vince Lombardi... Ya know, I always thought/said that you can tell a lot about somebody by the way they played ball... I think that HS chick who scored the 100 plus points on a totally weak opponent (the final was 132-35) is a weak bully and I kinda hope she bricks in the college game (at Rutgers) and learns a lesson in sportsmanship and humility... As for the coach, I don't care how many city tourneys Mabel Dean Bacon (or whatever that school is) won, he's a fuck'n putz/dork. I can tell from his interview on TV.

Exellent Reading/viewing:
1) *Maripolitan* by Maripol
2) *I Don't Want To Think About It Right Now* by Livingroom Johnston
3) *FUZZ ONE: A Bronx Childhood* by Vincent Fedorchak
4) *Wax Poetics* magazine
5) *Bounce* magazine (Bobbito's Basketball Bible)
Yeah Boyeeeee...!

"Lazy Sunday (The Chronic(?) of Narnia)" blows away ANY Hip-hop/Rap duo/group today... Bar none... Straight up... Fuck the Dumb Shit... Dude, who produced that shit... That shit was hard like Bagel Buffet's huckleberry muffins... Their video is definitely in the All-Time 20 best rap videos of all time... (Yo, if anybody knows them, tell 'em I'll do some photos for them on the house, yo.)

RIP: Coretta Scott King, Richard Pryor, Shelly Winter, Lou Rawls and Wilson Pickett, Jack Snow, Harold Hunter, Betty Friedan and Al 'Grampa' Lewis... Just gotta be grateful for those kind of folks bein' here... But they will be missed.

"Yes, 'Disco Lady' by Johnnie Taylor is my shit..." "Move it in, move it out..." Reminds me of house parties in JHS... (On MacDougal St.)... Oh Shit! and "Tell me" by Ecstacy, Passion and Pain. (or was that Faith, Hope and Charity...?)

WWHHAAATT...: I'm amphibious, I can go with either hand... Does anybody remember WRVR (Jazz Radio...!?!)... Does Carol Miller (the Classic Rock DJ) look as good as she sounds...?... Smush Parker's father, Bill, was a mentor to me at West 4th St. in the '70s (Great guy!)... Remember Azuma on 8th St.?... 'Fantasy Football Teams'?... Newscasters are the biggest, weakest cornballs... Sorry, I'm not into that when I go into 'Fantasy Land'... Lionel Jefferson reminds me of a camp counselor I had in the Summer of '71... (or was that Lincoln Hayes...?)... "I only get emotional over children and animals"-Johnny Unitas... WWHHAAATT!?!... (Dope...).

Tidbits... Yo, if anybody knows a long haired Persian cat for adoption, let me know... Thanks. Listen to WBAI (99.5) on Saturday nights, you can't go wrong (The Underground Railroad and Soul Central Station)... "Rappin' with the Rickster" is re-running (latest episodes in the Spring, Wed. Nights, 11pm (NYC time), Channel 57 (Time Warner) and on mnn.org... Look out for my new skateboard through Lush Life... and a doll of me made by 4cast coming out beginning of '07... Shamalama Ding Dong...

words & photos: ***Ricky Powell***

Ricky Powell (.COM)

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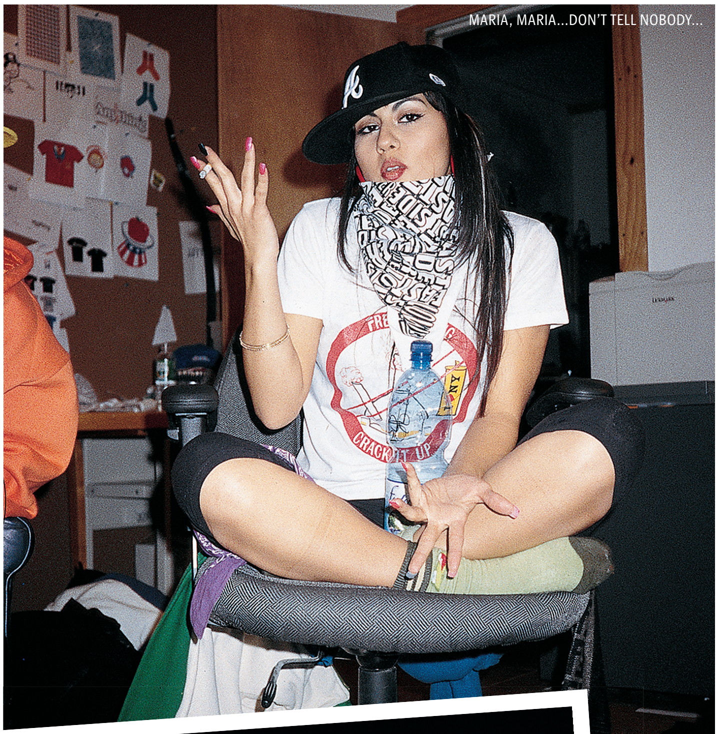

MARIA, MARIA...DON'T TELL NOBODY...

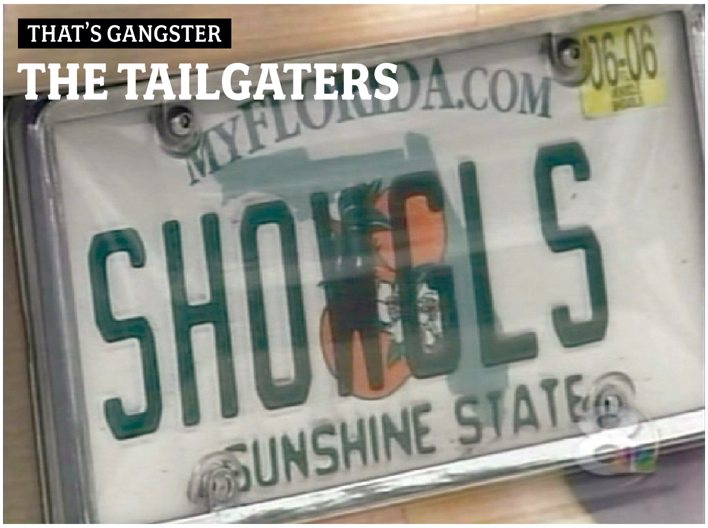
AL LEWIS—THAT WAS A COOL MUHFUCKAH... (UP THERE WITH JOE NAMATH AND WALT FRAZIER)

Live

'LUSH LIFE'...RYAN SKORSKI MAKING THESE MOVE ON/IN MIAMI BEACH...

THAT'S GANGSTER

THE TAILGATERS



*words: **Maclean Jackson***

Awwww, football. A great American institution—three hours where a dude can sip some brew, sit with the homies and not think about sex every seven seconds. Last November 27th, the Chicago Bears visited Raymond James Stadium in Florida, home of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, for an intense battle of playoff hopefuls. Like they had done several previous home-game Sundays before, several young women–some of whom happened to be employed at the local Tampa Déjà Vu gentleman's club–also attended pre-game festivities in the parking lot. Take notes: pushin' product on people when their pockets are full and attentions are elsewhere is a sign of a true hustle, homies.

While the teams practiced and prepared to entertain the fans inside the stadium, outside, some entrepreneurial women ran tip drills. For a $20 fee, patrons were allowed to experience a 40-foot-long mobile home complete with bouncers, wet bar, disco ball, stripper pole and nude dancers. That's parking lot pimpin', playa! But like most good, clean fun, police came through and shut the operation down. Undercover Tampa police officers professionally witnessed the operation firsthand (maybe got hand jobs?) and arrested ten people involved in the operation. Some of the charges included: "Nudity on a Commercial Establishment," "Renting Space for Lewdness," "Unnatural & Lascivious Act," and "Possession of Marijuana." Wrong place at the right time: M.I.A., Take it to da house!

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McGULLY THE CRIME DOG

words: **Lord SHR** illustration: **Cycle**

McGruff the Crime Dog. He's been a part of our lives since we were tykes. You remember watching "G.I. Joe" as a kid, being all into it, and then all of a sudden it was time for a commercial? You'd see a spot for the Snoopy Snow Cone Machine or for all you new Jacks-and-Jills, something promoting "Strawberry Shortcake" or "Power Rangers" or something crazy corny. Next thing you know, boom: McGruff pops up, lookin' and talking like Bogart, sounding all thorough but chill. He'd look out at you from those knowing hound dog eyes and then drop his famous "take a bight outta crime" line. McGruff was cool. Still is. He's the good guy in a crazy world fulla bad guys. He's your friend. His cousin McGully has a slightly different story. McGully has a short fuse and he doesn't play by the rules like good boys in blue do. One might say he's a dirty (yet loyal) dog.

WHAT'S GOOD?

McGully: My man, to be honest, NOTHING. These streets is dirty, and I'm straight up tired of fools thinking my cuz McGruff ain't rough and tough. You know... so dog likes to do things by the book. Somebody's gotta be on the books with the crime fighting, nawmeeeeen? That's where I comes in. A lot of you fools is eating offa this whole crime game, which is cool. Do you. Gruffy can't be everywhere all the time and simple-minded, wanna-be Tupacs gots to eat. I understand that, B. But what's good with dudes messing around with little kids on the internet on some freaky R&B singer from Chi-town type shit? Studio gangstas say what you want: Yeah, yeah, yeah, sell crack all day. Go "hand-to-hand," crack from your hand to the fiend's hand... whatever. You can't, however, justify a grown man tryna go hand-to-hand with 11-year-old boys and girls. These sexual predators will say anything to get into the pants of unsuspecting, innocent web-surfing youth. My cuz's campaign has done a lot to create awareness and better educate the little ones on how to protect theyselves from these bitch-ass niggas. He's been crusading for a minute and the shorties love him. "Take a bight outta crime" is a slogan that's bigger than hip hop; bigger and catchier than any so-called hook that Puffy supposedly wrote. Gruff's an icon, son. So much so that some stupid rapper from uptown tried to cop his name and fame; I had to punch my man right in his nostrils for that slick shit [editor's note: the Harlem-bred rapper McGruff has since fallen the hell off]. We about to see some paper offa the label that signed duke 'cause that's a major violation.

HOW DID YOUR COUSIN BECOME THE DON THAT HE IS?

McGully: Well, it's like this: In the late 1970s, the prevailing public attitude was, "You can't do anything about crime." A varied group of individuals—government policymakers, law enforcement, business, labor leaders—disagreed. This group founded the National Citizens' Crime Prevention Campaign featuring McGruff the Crime Dog®, our nation's symbol for crime prevention. But before Gruff got the gig, he was all 'hood. I'm up in the *Mass Appeal* magazine to let y'all know that me and my cuz came up hard in the streets of Baltimore. Y'all watch "The Wire" so y'all have peeped how peoples co-exist down there. We had to deal with some of the illest, gulliest pit bulls ever. How you think I got my name? I was rolling with a crew of pits for a minute. I wound up being the only trooper that ain't get locked up. We was wildin'. We had a real pack mentality. We was bitin' fools in the face just for livin'. My cuz on the other hand started rolling with them drug sniffin' beagles. This is like, back in '78. I can't front—all of our crew was like, "What's up with dog?" Because we ignorant ones saw it as him stepping out on the neighborhood. We was estranged for a minute. Then the her'ron game got ugly; all these humans was dozin' off everywhere. Cats was too sleepy to feed us dogs. Measures got desperate. Word up. 'Gruff rolled up on me with a bunch of beagles and reminded me of the fact that, Hey, we dogz. And dogz don't shit where they eat.

WOW, 'GRUFF REALLY DID COME OUT OF THE STRUGGLE—AS DID YOU. BUT IF YOU UNDERSTAND HOW NASTY THE STREETS ARE, WHY DO YOU CONTINUE TO HANDLE YOUR BIZ ON THE VIOLENT TIP? DOESN'T THAT CONFLICT WITH WHAT MCGRUFF IS ALL ABOUT?

McGully: Look, as I've said, somebody's gotta be accountable. Being accountable in the streets is almost impossible, and McGruff, yes, he does that damn impossible thing in the rightest way. Me? If I come up on some foul movements—and I'm out all day sniffing out foul movements—I'm not waiting for 'Gruff to handle mines. If you lucky, after I've lumped you up, maybe I'll send Gruffy a 2-way saying that there's a man down, on the verge of getting his dick in the dirt if somebody don't creep up to the scene and save a life. Mostly though, I don't care. 'Gruffy has compassion because he's a role model; an international celeb like my man from "America's Most Wanted." This interview right here is the first time I'm showing my face. Ain't nothing gonna change, though. If you're living foul, you're gonna catch a bad one from me and ain't no referees gonna be on the set. I've got a sale on Colombian neck ties. Come see me if you want to get fitted. Whatever it takes to save the babies and the community. Me and Gruffy is the Ying Yang twins of anti-crime. I'm getting a platinum muzzle, my nizzle.

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WE STYLE IN

GILYARD

words: **Yasi Salek** photos: **Lindsay Isola**

Live

UNIVERSITY OF URBAN APPAREL

So, you wanna start a clothing line. Sure you learned a few things at FIT or wherever you got your fancy liberal arts degree, but what do you really know about the real world of urban fashion? Not as much as the guys who formed Gilyard, that's for damn sure. Between the five main founders of the fledgling brand, they have worked at Akademiks, Triple Five Soul, Mecca USA, Rocawear, Phat Farm, Ecko, PNB Nation, Alphanumeric and Zoo York. As that list pretty much covers the spectrum of the industry, it's safe to assume that Dontay Wilder, Jemik Adams, Dennis Murphy, Allan Torralba, Dennis Calvero, and Omar Quiamboa are pretty schooled in the ins and outs of design, branding, merchandising, and whatever else goes on behind closed doors. "Working for these various companies gave us all the building blocks to start our own company the right way," says Adams. "We stored all that know-how and now can use it in our own way."

TROPHY LIFE

While Gilyard may be rooted in the old school, they hold that their new line is anything but the same old same old. "Other brands have gotten so big, by the time the product gets to the street it's like Kool-Aid—watered down and filled with sugar," Adams says emphatically. "Our ears are still to the street. We are the consumer, so our product isn't sugar-coated, it's the real deal." Their "everyman" philosophy is also evident in the brand's slogan: "Work Hard, Live Well." The slogan is also the inspiration behind Gilyard's logo, the G Trophy. "You get out of life what you put in, and if you work hard at the end you get a prize. That's the trophy of life."

URBANCROMBIE

Gilyard goes for the gold, but isn't into the whole "Target Consumer" game. "Yeah, we could say 18-34-year-old males is who we're designing for, but that ain't really the truth. We're designing for the guy at the party that makes everyone go, 'Damn, he has got style.' That guy can be 15 [or] he could be 40 and still be fly." This fashionable middle-aged man can also come from anywhere in the country; Gilyard doesn't think style only exists on the coasts.

This mentality of accessibility can definitely be seen in the design aesthetic. The line (consisting of denim, jackets, sweaters, sweatshirts, vests and wovens) is not only wearable, but affordable to boot. It makes sense then, when asked where he sees Gilyard in ten years, that Adams responds, "We want to be like an urban Abercrombie. Quality clothing that reaches the masses. We want to bring back the $100 outfit, like when Moms would hand you five 20s and you'd have to get dressed head-to-to with it." Hopefully they'll spare us the scantily-clad, provocatively-posed homeboys in the catalogs. And that awful in-store techno music (somebody really needs to handle that ASAP. Paul Van Dyk is single-handedly killing the Cromb's sales).

While Gilyard isn't in malls across America quite yet, you can purchase their goods at Dr. Jay's, DTLR and Sneakervilla. Pricing ranges from $64- $80 for jeans, $42-$45 for polos, $30 for tees, $34-$70 for jackets, and $50-$60 for vests. Doing the math, that might add up to a bit more than a $100 outfit, but it won't break the bank neither.

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WHISKEY

Live

words: **Livingroom Johnston** photos: **Shane Nash**

Whiskey had climbed in through Maria's window by accident. He knew Pamela wasn't going to take the chain lock off the door if she knew he was inebriated. Hence, Whiskey climbed the fire escape, determined to get into his apartment. Because it was his flat and wasn't nobody locking him out when it was he who paid the goddamn bills. And to him, he wasn't inebriated. He was medicated.

Someone must have spiked a drink with Visine eye drop solution and given it to Whiskey. For when he got down on Maria's couch, which was positioned the same way as the couch in Whiskey and Pamela's apartment, he released his bowels.

Maria, a single, very alert person, who happened to live alone, exited her bedroom equipped with a miniature baseball bat she got from Yankee Stadium forty years ago when she was six, spotted a man on her couch and batted him a good one on the head. Not only was Whiskey already out cold, Maria had knocked him out in his sleep. She flicked on the light and saw it was her neighbor and decided to let him sleep it off.

In the morning Maria went upstairs to get Pamela, Whiskey's wife, who was an attractive insomniac due to a severe caffeine addiction. As Pamela followed Maria's footsteps to the apartment below, the huge bags beneath her eyes swung back and forth.

"Goddamnit!" Pamela shouted. She heard a rustling sound coming out of the bathroom. She went and swung the door open. Whiskey was under the water head. Some of his clothes were on the toilet seat. The rest he had already hand washed and hung neatly on the rack above the toilet. His toupee was on the door knob.

"Fuck you Whiskey! You better not think about coming back to my house behind this shit!"

"Hm..." Maria had no words to come up with.

Pamela stormed out of the apartment. Whiskey knew his relationship was salvaged. He appeared at Livingroom Johnston's doorstep with his toupee balled up in his left hand and a huge knot on the back of his head. We were several card hands on with a game of Spades. We knew Whiskey from the block. He was an alright cat.

Leon was in Livingroom's flat playing Spades with us. He was on horse but Livingroom didn't judge him for it. I was fed up with Leon for years at this point.

Whiskey crossed the lockless threshold and laid down the story. Leon suggested Whiskey take his ass home and make up with his woman.

I turned to Leon, "What the fuck do you know about love when you strung out on horse and ain't had a woman in years?"

"Harlem you better go ahead with that bullshit!" Leon spat on the floor. Livingroom got up, took Leon by the collar and shoved him out the door, which wasn't an unusual act.

"Asshole!" said Livingroom. He sat back down at the table.

"Whiskey what you gon' do?" I asked.

"I don't know but I got to think of something."

"Tell Pam somebody spiked your drink," Livingroom insisted.

"I don't know if she's going to buy it, man."

"Come on," I said. I got up from the table. "I'll talk to Pam. She'll listen to me."

"You think?" Whiskey asked.

Livingroom glared at me. He knew I had relations with Pam four times over the last two weeks.

"She'll listen to me alright. Come on."

We went outside where two young kids were playing catch with a tennis ball. The ball rolled out onto the street. Whiskey went for it. He leaned over to grab the ball and was hit on the head by a speeding car. He died instantly.

"Shit!" Livingroom ran out onto the street to where Whiskey lied in death. "Harlem! Go get Pamela! I'll get some help over here!"

"Okay!" I made a B - line to Pamela's flat and rapped on the door. Pamela opened it.

"Harlem what the fuck are you doing coming to my house! What if Whiskey was here?!"

"Naw Pam! Whiskey...." She slammed the door before I finished the rest of the sentence. Ten minutes into knocking on her door the police showed up. I couldn't believe Pam had called the fucking cops when I was at her doorstep to explain her man just got hit by a car and died. I ran down the happenings to the cops and went on about my business. It wasn't my drama to deal with. I had a plate full of my own problems to tend to.

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WRITE FROM LEFT

EVERYTHING IN LA AIN'T ALWAYS WHAT IT SEEMS

Whenever my homeboy Tagi from Brooklyn Projects gets crazy blunted, his Japanese-infused broken English takes a turn for the worse. He gets stuck like a broken record, repeating the same nonsensical line, "What's going on in Allllay? What's reallly goin' on in Alllllllay?!" Which loosely translates to something like, "What's going on in LA?" Good question, Tagi. Contrary to popular belief, this city is rife with culture and story, albeit submerged under the guise of celebrity make-up and lights, camera, action.

Let's start out with the "Life Sucks" portion of the living in LA program: Rush-hour traffic. And when I say rush "hour," that means anytime between six AM and nine PM on any freeway, side-street, parking garage or driveway in the city. On Saturday night, it took me two hours to drive to a party that was 20 miles away. I coulda gotten there faster if I walked. Backwards. I spend an average of two hours a day inside the confines of my Honda beater, which adds up to about one-eighth of my waking life. So there's a good chance I'm rotting ten years of my life away in a slightly-reclined car seat rattling G'N'R on my tape deck, mildly nauseated by the overwhelming car-freshener tree, cursing obscenities at anyone who's going one MPH faster (or slower) than me.

Cars suck. Traffic sucks. Gas prices suck. It only made sense that some of our friends reinvented the BMX bike crew with a distinct Los Angeles twist. The Casual Suspects (CSBC) are a blacked-out mob of LA's own streetwear design frontrunners who live, breathe and eat bicycles; which is a pretty strong statement if you're a gas-guzzling Angeleno. While most of us have lazed out on four wheels, bikes have kept the crew tied to the streets in more ways than one. Living out their childhood bicycle-squad fantasies as quasi-adults, they operate on specialized CSBC projects (design, brand and event-related) as they storm the streets to light up the club circuit as a hood battalion, much to the dismay of honk-happy city drivers. There's a sharp segregation—an understated warfare, if you will—between bicycle riders and drivers out here. You'd be surprised how many times these guys get barked/glared/finger-pointed-at while barreling through the streets on cruisers. Their rivalry with motorists has kinda become the new snowboarder/skier, skateboarder/rollerblader beef, except that every now and then, car-driving is completely justifiable. Like when you're going to parties that are two hours away.

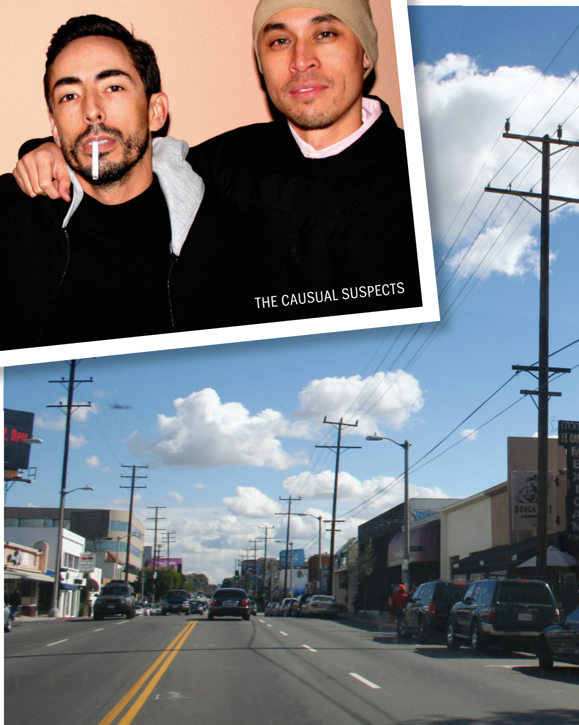
As I pull into The Hundreds' headquarters (aka LA's misfit clubhouse) on Fairfax, I catch actor Scott Caan skating down to Supreme to hit up the bowl. He passes a truck posted up on the corner of Rosewood that looks like it's been making more rounds in the city than Angelyne's pink Corvette. Considering we don't got a pervasive subway or train system in LA, the writers gotta get up on freeways, vans and trucks like this one. Trixter and Jojoe have been workin' the piece for a minute, and even though the fills aren't quite complete, it's nice to see graf is alive and kickin' on the West Coast. And I don't mean wheat-paste, kiiiid.

Just like every traffic-riddled morning off the 10, I'm thoroughly exhausted by the time I complete my harrowing commute to Hollywood. To congratulate myself on cheating death, I treat myself to a baked apple (which is "exactly what it sounds like" according to the world's oldest waitress) down the block at Canter's Deli. LA doesn't have many historical sites (unless you count the Florence/Normandie intersection where Reginald Denny's face had an unexpected appointment with a concrete block) because by the time the West was colonized, all the Liberty Bells and Empire State Buildings had been snaked. So we pride ourselves in our timeless eateries, like Philippe's, Randy's Donuts, Pink's Hot Dogs and In-N-Out (White Castle what?!). Canter's is not only popular amongst the attention-starved Silverlake hipsters post-tweekage on Saturday nights, but celebrity clientele who want to eat "unnoticed" amongst the sea of the world's oldest Jewish patrons. Last week, Ben and I sat across from Adam Carolla, who—according to the media—apparently hates Asians like me. That's okay, because I hate Toyotas.

Speaking of celebrities, if you're the star-struck type, you'll have trouble walking a straight line on these streets. The other night I was having dinner with the Brown Babie$ at Swingers when "The OC" cast members walked in. No lie—two rabid girls at the table behind us were buggin' out crrrazed, convulsing with "Oh My God" conniptions, and rubbernecking so hard that their heads snapped off and rolled down the aisle, out the door and under a semi driven by Reginald Denny. But whatever, this town is littered with "somebodys." Which leads me to the other "Life Sucks" bookend about living in Los Angeles: habitual name-dropping. Remember that asshole rich kid Donny in fifth grade who was always mentioning how his daddy was this-and-that? Remember how hard you'd peg that dude in the neck with the dodgeball? Well, this is an entire town of Donnys, and plenty of necks need to have unexpected appointments with dodgeballs. I mean, in the course of this diatribe alone, I myself have popped off like five names. Did I tell you I saw Alba in the club the other night? (That's six!) Disgusting.

words & photos: ***Bobby Hundreds***

THE CAUSUAL SUSPECTS



CANTER'S DELI

BROWN BABIES

Live

HEY YOU'RE COOL

RUSSELL PETERS

Live

I'll admit, when my Indian friend Dwijen kept pestering me to watch clips of a supposedly "hilarious" Indian stand-up comedian, I was skeptical. Sure, I knew some funny brown folk, but I had never seen any of them on TV, so come on—how funny could they really be? Is it mere coincidence that the only Indian person I'd seen on the television was half of Ben Kingsley? (I know what you're thinking, but sorry—Apu Nahasapeemapetilon doesn't count because he's a cartoon. And his voice is done by a white man.) Come on, we even had to watch a tape of this guy's standup on my friend's laptop. I was not getting my hopes up.

On first glance, he seems like your average clean-cut guy, but it turns out that Russell is, well...funny as shit. With an improvisational, brash style and a focus on poking racial hot buttons, he often gets the crowd involved, using their ethnicity as a springboard for hilarious observations and spot-on impressions. Just when I thought I'd discovered the most hilarious comedian nobody knew, I come to find out that the 35-year-old Toronto native is already a huge star in Canada. This guy even had a camera crew from Canadian MTV "Diary" following him around during our interview. While he's internationally known and has been thugging it out on the comedy circuit for over 16 years, Russell is finally breaking through in the States due to the exposure his performances have gotten from the internet. Oh, and Russell barely knows how to use a computer.

Truth be told, RP just bought a new bachelor pad in LA (I smell a Canadian MTV "Cribs" in the future). He's out there reading movie scripts, trying to break away from the usual turban-clad, heavy-accented foreign characters that seem to be the only resort for Desi thespians in Hollywood. While he tries to poke holes in the system, he's got a standup DVD and album on Warner Bros., which will be broadcast on Comedy Central before its release in June. And with a new sitcom based on his comedy called "Those People" in the works for FOX, his rep will only get bigger. Just don't call him the Great Brown Hope—he's in it for the revenge. Perhaps Russell put it best when asked about his Hollywood hustle: "I'm grindin', baby!"

YOUR COMEDY DEALS WITH RACIAL ISSUES, AND YOU TEND TO TAUNT YOUR AUDIENCE. HAVE YOU EVER GOTTEN A BAD REACTION WHILE PERFORMING?

Nothing major, but a couple weeks ago I was up in Irvine, California and had been up on stage for maybe ten minutes and this white guy got upset. He got up out of his seat and security ran over to him to throw him out. He was yelling, "Russell, you're a racist fucking asshole!" I wanted to go, "Is that a white guy calling me that?" I don't understand. Clearly he has his own issues going on and I've struck a nerve. If you look at my act and say that I'm racist, you're missing the point and I don't want you at my shows. I'm talking about races, not making fun of races.

WHEN YOU DO A CHINESE ACCENT, IT SOUNDS SPECIFICALLY CANTONESE. IS THAT INTENTIONAL?

Yeah, when I was in Hong Kong [doing shows], I heard it all the time. I just kept copying everyone when I was there. And that's become a mainstay [in my act]—the Chinese thing is going to be around for a long time. People like it. They request it. See, I'm pointing out things, and the races that I'm talking about recognize those things to be true. When I do my shows now, a lot of Asians show up because the stuff that I'm saying to them is very real. I'll make fun of a lot of different races and at the end of the show, invariably someone will come up to me and say, "Hey dude, you didn't talk about me!"

DO YOU EVER FIND IT MORE DIFFICULT TO RELATE TO YOUR INDIAN FANS IN THE STATES THAN IN CANADA?

Well, I think we have a totally different experience in Canada because the Indian kids that I find in the US—not all of them but a large percentage of them—come from very upper middle class families. Their parents are professionals and doctors and shit like that. In Canada, Indians are very working class, so we grew up in the same neighborhoods as the black kids. So we come from a different mindset; we don't expect anything. But I find a lot of kids from the US—not all of them, but a lot—have a certain kind of "give it to me" mentality, and it's like, nah kid, you gotta work your ass off for it. I've been hustling comedy for 16 and a half years now, before I finally broke. [But] the Indian kids in the States don't want to hear about it. But I tell 'em, "Listen, we have don't have many Mexicans in Canada, so the Indians in Canada are the Mexicans."

THE BLACK PERFORMERS IN THE US HAVE ALWAYS HAD THE "CHITLIN CIRCUIT"...

I performed on the Chitlin Ciruit for many years. I would come to New York and do Pips in Brooklyn or the Bronx BBQ on a Saturday night at like 1:30 in the morning. But I headlined at the Apollo last year. That was my first time headlining there. Honestly, it was one of my favorite performances of my entire career.

IS THERE A SIMILAR CIRCUIT FOR DESI PERFORMERS, OR IS THERE NOT REALLY ENOUGH OF A MARKET?

There is, but you're not ever really going to break out [doing that], because the material that you're doing is very limited. Sure, we're the second largest population in the world, but you're doing it over here. So, it really doesn't make that much sense to go that route. Get some stage time, get some experience, maybe grab a couple of pay days, but at the end of the day you have to decide: Do you want to be a performer? Do you want to be a star? What do you want to be? I knew from day one that I wanted to be a star, so I approached it from that angle. But I've been doing quote-unquote "regular" shows for years before the Indians caught onto it. I was mainstream before I was cultish.

FOR A LOT OF PEOPLE IN THE STATES, KAL PENN IN *HAROLD & KUMAR* WAS THE FIRST TIME THEY SAW AN INDIAN CHARACTER WHO WASN'T JUST A COMPLETE F.O.B.

Right, but then he turns around and does *Van Wilder* part two. Sure, you take a big giant step [forward], and then you take 21 steps back. It's harder to make it as a regular character. I mean, shit, I could be making a movie like every other week if I was willing to go and do the F.O.B. role. There was this other movie that came out recently, and I really wanted to do it, but then they wanted me to do the accent. I was like, "I don't think so." If it makes sense I'll do it, but it never makes sense, they just want you to do it to do it. But the fact that they've given me a sitcom and I play myself—I don't play some refugee guy—says that they're taking steps to move forward. I think that a lot of the educated people in the game are going, "You know what? This could be funnier." But the time is coming. We were the invisible minority for so long. Even if you watch a show like "ER," it's supposed to be an emergency room hospital in Chicago and they've got one Indian doctor. I mean, come on. That's like doing a show about a law office and there's no Jewish characters.

DO YOU EVER WORRY ABOUT GOING DOWN IN HISTORY AS THE BIG BROWN HYPE?

Actually, in Canada, the [press] calls me "The Great Brown Hope," but I never want to put that kind of pressure on myself. I wasn't doing this for anyone but myself, to be honest with you. Because when I was growing up, I had a lot of shit happen to me. I dealt with a lot of racism, a lot of bullies, for the very simple reason that I was a brown guy. So I got into this career and I wanted to be successful just so I could say to people, "Ha ha, fuck you!" Gerry Bednob—he was the old guy in *The 40 Year Old Virgin* who said, "It's not about the Dirty Sanchez"—I've known Gerry for a very long time, and he told me that success is the best revenge. I always keep that in my head.

words: ***Brendan Frederick*** *photos:* ***Andres Gonzales***

INSA: GRAFFITI FETISH

Hailing from the UK, street bomber INSA claims that, "Graffiti is like a fetish." There's no doubt that this is a statement many can relate to, but being able to transform one's taste for the streets to getting up in a more "acceptable" gallery environment is a bit of a sacrifice. INSA seemed to make it go off without a hitch. The transition was natural and he was able to apply his vision to much more than a wall. Since bombing the streets with a nasty teardrop, he began to replace the tag with the "ultimate object of desire: the stiletto." Once this sexy symbol started taking form, it's graced everything: Air Force 1s, limited edition Kickerz, a custom low rider bike and a Jaguar XJS. As if that wasn't enough, INSA's also been busy creating action figures of his crew FCK complete with 1/6 scale Montana cans.

In partnership with The Classic Car Club of New York, INSA will be holding his first ever NYC Graffiti Fetish Event On April 27th. The show will feature a custom lowriding Lincoln, 1/6 scale toys, PVC high heels and plenty of paint. INSA and many of his well-known projects will be accompanying him from across the pond. Come check out the exhibit and get up-close-and-personal with one of the UK's premiere bombers. Check out *massappealmag.com* or *insaland.com* for further details. —*Vixen One*

RBK CUSTOM

I like customizing stuff. It started with my Lo-Top Converse in grade school. The theme would usually be my boyfriends' names, pentagrams and stuff. As I grew up, all my peoples would throw down on my backpack making it a one-of-a-kind creation. Then only the freshest cityscape would be airbrushed across all ten of my nails. So when Reebok invited *Mass Appeal* to create a pair of custom kicks on their new site *rbkcustom.com*, I was ready to get busy and create a pair that were so tight the only girl they fit was me.

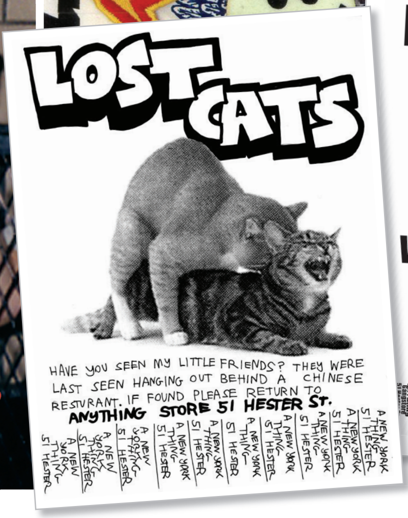
Rbkcustom gives you to the opportunity to customize every detail of the Classic Leather Low style. The site allows you to glide over the shoe and instantly choose a color from the palette. Virtually every part of the shoe is changeable. Reebok lets the designer, you, choose to start off with a totally blank shoe or "get inspired" by picking a shoe with a base sole color and logo. Another option is to go with their "hot pick" of the month. The hot pick is chosen by the rbkcustom staff from the orders that are submitted on the site. The shoe can be further customized with text along the heels. (Although I would have liked to choose from a few more font styles). After all is said and done, you can end up with some real Punky Brewster type kicks or some cool monochromatic joints.

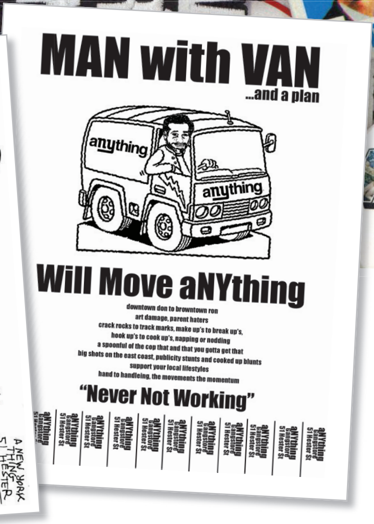
Well it only took about a week before I was opening the box to the only known pair of Vixen Ones on the planet. I was happy with the results of my designing efforts. Now the only question is, Rock them shits now? or Wait to get the perfect match on with my sherbet bikini top and denim booty shorts? —*Vixen Two*

Upper Playground Worldwide
Congo, Africa
Photo: David Choe
upperplayground.com

ANEWYORKTHING INDEED!

Located on the newly appointed coolest block on the Lower East Side—Hester Street—is the aNYthing store. Spearheaded by A-ron the Dirty Don and his partner Kiernan Costello and staffed by local geniuses like Colombian Jack and Jake, the punk rock model, the store serves many purposes, not the least of them being the nerve center for all things downtown. A-ron's been running things for years below 14th Street and like he says, "It all piled up to this"—and piled up it has. The store sells amazing clothes designed by Kiernan and the doper than dope aNYthing line created by the Dirty Don himself, featuring collabos with such designers as Ryan McGinley, J$, Stussy, Undefeated and Sarcastic. They also pimp great books, cool DVDs, mixtapes, the best fanzines on the set, records, hats, slick vintage gear, classic wallabees designed by Supreme and all sorts of tremendous stuff! While you're at it, take a peek at the website *anewyorkthing.com* and get ready to laugh your gluteus maximus off. Check out the great sounds, the cool pics and links, the hilarious daily glob and a rogues' gallery of what and who's been poppin' up at the spot. Hurry up—stop by and cop something saucy. And when you're done, hit up my favorite bar King Size for cocktails around the corner or cop some chow at the awesome restaurant, Brown, up the block! Tell 'em we sent ya! —*D. Ross*





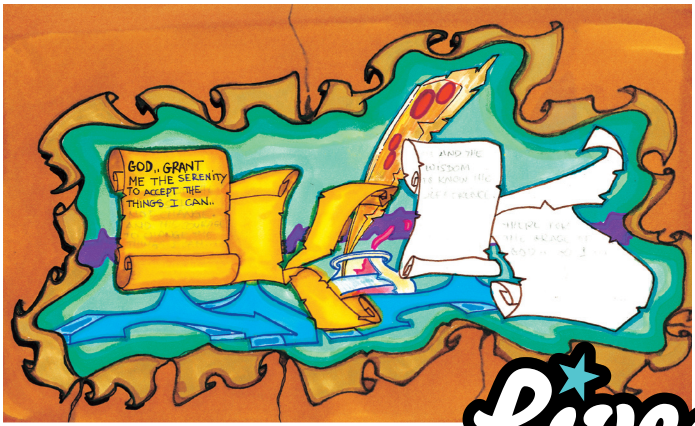
THE CASUAL WARRIOR

Just when you thought you were safe and home free, Rockstar Games had to clobber you in the head with the *Warriors* again. If it weren't bad enough that you play the video game and watch the movie everyday, now you can live the glory and dress the part, too. In a Cyrus-like move, Rockstar Games and New York's Retail Mafia have teamed up to make a limited run of "brawler" gear. Families from the Retail Mafia have been selected to represent a gang and create a design. It wasn't hard for Rockstar to know who was going to represent who; you got the The Lizzies by Married to Mob the female crew, and next to them The Warriors designed by who else but the seasoned vets at Alife. And for the wildin' out Rouges, only aNYthing would do. They did it because they "just like doing things like that." The not-so-talkative Furies were repped by Umbrella and Futura who not only didn't drop the ball, but hit it out of the park. For "those lousy skin headed fucks" the Turnball ACs, nothing is Situationormal. And any Satan's Mother would be proud of IRAK NYC's design. So for all you *Warriors* fans and T-shirt junkies, nobody is wasting nobody, and that's a miracle, but you better get your fix quick because each gang only made 500 hoodies and 500 shirts! —Kate Erwin

THE NASTY TERRIBLE T-KID 170

Man, swing set tricks should be an Olympic sport! T-Kid was the king of that, and in his memoir, Julius Cavero illustrates his excellence at just about every other thing he ever did. Oh so you want to battle me T-Kid? I might have been born in the suburbs the same year you painted your first clean train but I got mad heart! Your new book, *The Nasty Terrible T-Kid* [From Here to Fame] got me stoked to battle! Let's go right now King 13, bring it! Wildstyle? Check. Skills? Double check. A walking backwards battle? I got that! Oh, word? Let's do this! I'll walk backwards ten times further than you! I'll e-mail battle you too! I got crazy e-mail styles! :(.^.<>||{}^?:::"!! What! I battled this dude on this graff chat room and hit him with a double exclamation point!!

What the hell happened to all the cool outfits that the gangs used to wear anyways? I want to look like that. I want to walk down the streets of the Bronx in the '70s looking for battles, you know, dodging rivals and battling! I guess I'm just jealous. It's good to get the firsthand story of someone who lived and rocked faces in that era. I can't help but think time has softened the tales in *The Nasty,* but that's why they call it history. A flower in the rough you are Mr. T-Kid. Well, more like a venus flytrap, but a flower none-the-less. Beauty is a marvelous thing to be able to find when you live in a violently competitive impoverished world. You might have survived and found peace unlike so many others who were brought up in that environment but that peace will soon end when I whoop your ass in a shoelace-tying battle!! What? You've never seen the double, no, a tripple bunny flipper knot? Don't make me get all Bill W on your ass! Seriously though, nice memoir: candidly honest, great pictures and tons of stories. It felt more honest than *A Million Little Pieces.*—*Nicholas Kuszyk*



Live

ZOO YORK ARTIST SERIES

Remember when you and the posse tried to get creative with your decks and slap stickers and bootsy tags on it in an attempt to stand out? Like, a hologram Transformer next to an OBEY Giant next to an 'Epic Oner'? I've seen the home videos of the no-comply kickflips and block-long manuals. If you still have the deck, it's alright, just scratch it up, focus it and nail it on the wall. Zoo York did right by picking eight of the ripest in the game to design decks for their new Artist Series. It will blow your little sticker collection out the water. And they're looking so pretty, you might have to stay away from the rails and stick to the steps for a while.

Old school NYC graf legend Freedom's contribution reflects his classic silver, black and white style in his Freedom Tunnel under Riverside Park. Siblings Romeo-Rex and Rifraf show artistic love with their version of a Tony Montana 'round-the-way girl. With ink across her shoulder blades and arms, and packing an extra round as a belt accessory to her negligee, this boo is always ready if something might pop off. Staple Design didn't want the addicted gambler to feel left out of all the fun. It's the great American pastime and they wanted to pay tribute, so they've cleverly covered their deck with logo scratch-off cards. Word is, there's even hidden messages embedded in the graphics. Cop the matching tee off Staple's clothing collection so you'll have the fresh fit when you skate to your next G.A. meeting. Justin Kay, 123KLAN, Will Caprio, Thought Ninjas and Max Vogel round out the rest of the Artist Series crew members. Don't be mad at the talent, collect your stickers, get an album and get your scrap on, son. —*Sara Moskovitz*

DINE PIECE:

T.I.'S ITALIAN FEAST

T.I. is used to issuing warnings. To other rappers, to haters, to magazine journalists. Quite frequently, actually. When you crown yourself the "King of the South," it just sort of comes with the territory. But on a drizzly Saturday morning, just eight hours before he's scheduled to hop a plane to Italy, he's preparing to cook up an Italian feast of his own. And he has just one warning: "My girl don't know I can cook," the visibly-weary rapper says in his Southern drawl, wielding the thick black handle of a knife in one hand and an onion in the other. "So don't tell her. She'll never cook for me again." With the way this culinary operation is moving along, it's obvious that this isn't the ATL rapper's first foray into the kitchen.

Normally, the kitchen is the last place you would find a king—especially this kitchen, consisting of cooking equipment cramped into a space the size of a large walk-in closet. But this ain't no ordinary king. Within minutes of walking into Madiba, a quaint, cultured restaurant in the Fort Greene section of Brooklyn, Clifford "Tip" Harris—or T.I. to those who don't really know him—is all business despite, the size of the area he's given to work with. Due to the large portions that he's set to prepare, he's convinced a couple of his homeboys, his personal assistant, Philant and his label Grand Hustle's vice president Doug, to help out in the food prep process. He dumps the necessary ingredients to make today's meal—Italian zucchinis and bell peppers with a four-cheese spaghetti—onto a crowded countertop and the Grand Hustle boys are ready to get over the pots and pans.

The art of hustling is nothing new to T.I.—from his days of throwing down in the traps of Atlanta to his new album, *King*, the result of milling over about 75 songs to decide which tracks made the final cut. Back in the kitchen though, it's clear that he's not quite as picky. "Can't we just use the parsley that they've already got here?" he asks Phil, pointing to a pre-prepared dish of the green stuff underneath the counter. "It says *fresh* parsley, Tip," Phil emphasizes. "Now cut that up."

While T.I.'s busy taking orders and mincing the greenery along with onions and garlic, Phil empties out the guts of a half-dozen zucchinis and bell peppers and mixes a blend of eggs, onions, ketchup, salt, ground pepper, Romano cheese, garlic, bread crumbs and ground turkey meat for the stuffing. Meanwhile, Doug mans the stove, heating up a pot of water and preparing the sauce, which consists of more ground turkey meat, tomato paste, marinara sauce and eventually anything that contains

the word "sauce" laying around in the kitchen. "This is how we do it in the old country," T.I. says in a faux-Italian accent. Just then he catches Doug using one ingredient that's a definite no-no for any authentic Italiano dish. "Man, you can't be putting ketchup into the sauce like that!" Tip screams. "Everybody pretend like you ain't seen Doug even do that... Ketchup? What ketchup?"

With the sauce simmering over a low flame, Doug cracks a handful of spaghetti and adds it to the pot of boiling water while T.I. and Phil work on preparing the stuffed zucchinis and peppers. Tip scoops out heaps of the stuffing and places them into the hollowed-out vegetables as Phil follows closely behind and drizzles olive oil over each. Doug finishes off the spaghetti and with the sauce now bubbling, he adds in a bag of a blend of American, cheddar, Pepper Jack and Swiss cheeses. The spaghetti is then poured into a large glass tray, covered in the sauce and then a top layer of more of the four-cheese blend is added. Doug throws that into the oven and the meal is on the clock.

Time is something that Tip doesn't have a lot of these days, so today's chef is using the cooking time to his advantage. Sitting down at an antique table in the Madiba seating area, T.I. rotates between fielding calls on his cell phone and chirping back and forth on his Nextel. "I think I feel like shopping before we go to Italy," he says to no one in particular between calls. After half an hour goes by though, the king has had enough of playing the waiting game. "I'm not even hungry anymore. That's the thing about cooking. Once you cook, you ain't hungry anymore."

Hungry or not, Doug finally emerges from the kitchen minutes later, carrying a mountain of spaghetti on one platter and the stuffed goodies on another. Just when the boys sit down and get ready to enjoy their meal, T.I. picks up a stuffed pepper. "This stuff ain't even done, man!" he blurts out after realizing the stuffing is still cold, a smile creeping across his face. "And it's still got a sticker on it! Who cooked this stuff?" Not T.I. Or at least, that's what you better tell his girl.

words: ***Chris Yascavage*** *photos:* ***Shane Nash***

FOUR-CHEESE SPAGHETTI

2 lbs. Ground turkey meat
2 lbs. Thin spaghetti
2 Packs of shredded four-cheese blend (American, cheddar, Pepper Jack, Swiss)
2 Cans tomato paste
2 Bottles marinara sauce
1 Onion
Ketchup

Heat ground turkey meat on burner until browned and mix in marinara sauce, tomato paste, diced onions, and ketchup. Boil water and cook spaghetti. Add four-cheese blend into sauce and mix vigorously. Pour finished spaghetti into flat glass tray and add sauce. Layer more four-cheese blend on top of the spaghetti. Heat for 20-25 minutes at 400 degrees.

ITALIAN ZUCCINIS & BELL PEPPERS

1 lb. Ground turkey meat
2 Zucchinis
1 Orange bell pepper
1 Green bell pepper
1 Yellow bell pepper
1 Onion
1 Garlic clove
2 Eggs
1 Stick of butter
1 Cup dried bread crumbs
Hunk of Pecorino Romano cheese
Salt & Ground pepper
Fresh Italian parsley
Ketchup
Olive oil
1 Bottle of marinara sauce

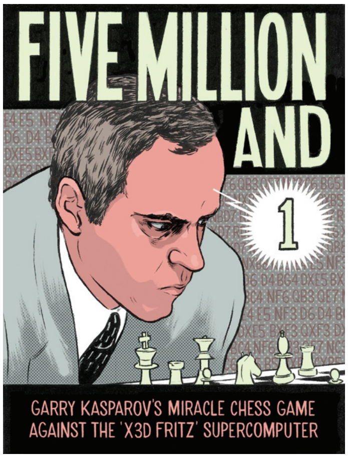
Dice onions, parsley, and garlic. Place them into a large mixing bowl, along with two eggs, ketchup, salt, ground pepper, butter, grated Romano cheese and bread crumbs. Add ground turkey and mix contents together until thickened. Cut zucchinis and bell peppers in half and empty the insides of each. Fill each zucchini and bell pepper half generously with stuffing. Top with olive oil and marinara sauce, as desired. Cook for 40-45 minutes at 400 degrees. ("And don't forget to take the stickers off the damn vegetables!" T.I. reminds.)

Live

SPECIAL THANKS TO MADIBA RESTAURANT: *MADIBARESTAURANT.COM*

ORIGINAL FLAVOR

MICKEY DUZYJ



Live

It hurts when artists try too hard or hardly try at all to make distant similes. Meaning is either slammed down your throat or left in a foggy display case. 23-year-old illustrator Mickey Duzyj sets you up for the delivery, but you gotta stick in there, champ. Taking the frame of mind he utilized on the competitive tennis circuit growing up, Mickey explores the mental battles of success in different lifestyles. At first glance it's, "All eyes on me," but Mickey's not self-centered, he just knows that when it's the 11th hour and you're clear in the spotlight, it's you against the whirled. And behind that iconic image, there's always a lot more going on.

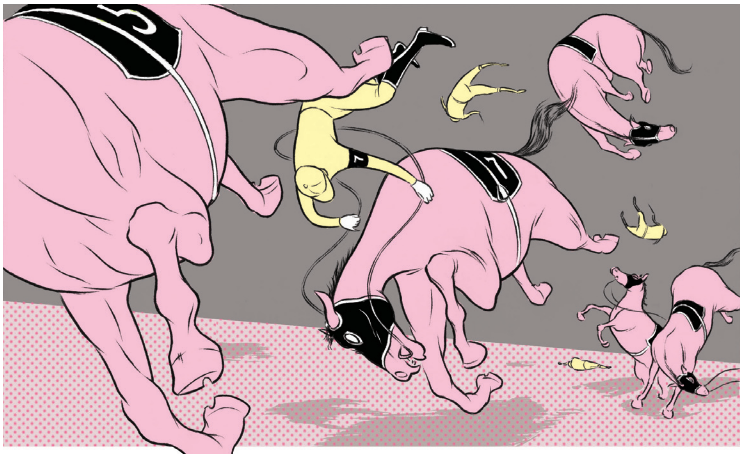
Tossing sports similes in the art world is a challenge. Referencing a famous athlete usually comes off as a pretentious ploy at irony. As for the root of the allusions in his work, however, Mickey feels, "I'm very interested in, I don't mean to say psychologically traumatic experiences, but psychologically challenging experiences where, it's man against himself, and there are so many manifestations." Whether it's from shooting skeet or craps, many can relate to the pressures of sport. Hola at the Spur Posse though, the notion of sport is all relative to the preferences of game. Born and raised in an industrial suburb of Detroit in a Ukrainian family, Mickey's options for leisure were limited. "I did a lot of drawings of politicians during the 1988 presidential election," Mickey says. "I'm sort of interested in politics now, but at that young age, it was just people talking at podiums. The charismatic figure or something like that, I was drawn to—not that Dukakis was all that charismatic." Picking up tennis in high school, Mickey split his energy between the sports and art.

Mickey explored public figures in art, but spent many school days at local hangouts with older guys who worked gun and knife shows on the weekends. "That was a very formative experience for me in many ways, but that was the culture. Horse track, bowling alley, trailer parks, diners... that's where I came from," Mickey says. After choosing art over tennis, Mickey moved to New York to attend the illustration program at the School of Visual Arts. While his universal interests proved for endless subject matter, Mickey's humble beginnings predicate his success. He feels that, "In a field that I'm in, a lot of what sort of makes or breaks the experience hinges on how much you can sacrifice for the discipline necessary for the application. I feel that coming from where I came from, growing up poor, sacrifice is, in a way, second nature to me."

In October of 2005, Mickey and another artist put on the "Fall Classic", which explored our generation's sports idols. The showstoppers depicted Mike Tyson in all his sacrifice, glory and defeat. "[It] was not an attempt to justify his actions by saying that there were all these forces of aggressions and [people] sort of making him do what he did." Mickey feels, "Mike was a man who was encouraged to be an animal all his life, so long as it was profitable. And when it didn't become so profitable anymore, they turned him into a spectacle." Though Mickey doesn't see success in the comic world ever bringing him fame and fortune, he feels that the transition to graphic novels will allow him to reach his potential artistic goals. "There aren't sacred rules that need to be followed," says Mickey. "What I feel really excited about in graphic novels is that the rules have not yet been written."

The transition to more literally narrative work will be smooth, as Mickey's done editorial illustrations for the *New Yorker* and *The Nation*. It's almost like Mickey saves the superhero treatment for his gallery work, as his comics depict more ordinary people. Yet, his overlying theme is personal psychological variances. In a nod to days spent sitting in the off-track betting dens outside of Detroit, Mickey is currently working on a race track mystery titled *Neckless Horse Necklace*. He hopes to have the graphic novel published in about a year and a half. While the premise might be a stretch for some of the more lathargic fans of graphic novels, it's no sweat, *Neckless* will be just a step from the bench. A little reach is nothing, ask any of Tyson's long-armed knockout victims.

words: ***Maclean Jackson*** *portrait:* ***Adam Amengual***



SEXYTIME EXPLOSION

MAMMARY LANE

To all the girls I've loved before... In the interest of keeping some sort of record, I try to keep an up-to-date list of girls with whom I have been intimate. Usually, I remember the events vividly, but sometimes after long nights powered by absinthe and PCP, I just can't recall their damn names. When I can't remember a name, I put it in my list in a way that, although seemingly insensitive, will best aid me in remembering our special time together. For example, one entry in my list is: "Drunk Irish Backseat Nissan." Stuff like that, basically.

Sometimes I know the girl's name but I would never in a million years know how to get in touch with her and that makes me feel real bad because it's like, you know, we shared something really special that night. In this column, I am shouting out some girls whom I am not currently able to locate and some girls who, in the heat of the moment, I forgot to, uh... you know... like, ask you your name. Please don't hate me and I implore you to know that I am hopelessly devoted to each and every one of you.

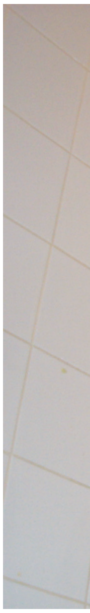
SANDRA S. (1986-1987)
I was nine years old and you were the first girl I ever made out with. You lived on 29th street between 2nd and 3rd Ave. in Manhattan. You were the cousin of my babysitter Lina R. and you had a little sister named "M". Besides being the first girl I ever tongue kissed, I also had my first Newports and alcohol with you. We used to hang out in the back of Unique on Lower Broadway and smoke cigarettes and drink Calvin Coolers. I heard you got pregnant but wouldn't have the first clue as to how to go about finding you. We used to write letters to each other when I was away at summer camp and you are Puerto Rican. Holler.

BRITTANY M. (1988)
I lived in a lot of places in my early childhood and this particular year, I lived in Edison, New Jersey where I began sixth grade at Herbert Hoover Middle School. You were my girlfriend in sixth grade and you were chubby but I still passed intricately folded notes to you every day and did couples skate with you at United Skates Of America. "Let The Music Play" by Shannon was our song. I remember the controversy our relationship caused because a Vietnamese girl liked me, but I chose you and then you moved to California where you are now a big movie star. You're way cuter now and I'd totally hit that even though I am almost positive that you are psycho and have major eating disorders. When I'm in LA I stay at the Chateau under my name so holler and we'll go to Pink's and reminisce.

JOY S. (1990)
In the eighth grade, I was sent to live with my dad who had just relocated to Buffalo, New York. I went to Kenmore Middle School (Wolf Blitzer's alma mater). My English teacher's name was Mrs. English. You were my first serious girlfriend and the owner of the second or third (or fourth maybe) vagina I ever touched. You swear that I had sex with your mom but let's not talk about that right now. Let's get reacquainted first. We didn't have sex in the eighth grade but we should have because then we would have been each other's firsts and that would have been sweet. Also, then I wouldn't have lost my virginity to that fat girl Chanda. But you know what they say... Practice for the pretty ones. Oh well. You and I ended up having sex when we were like 18 in my apartment in Brooklyn. We did it on the couch and I feel like it was not my best effort. I'm sorry. Where the hell are you, your mom and your sister "S"? Drop me a line!

CHANDA B. (1990)
I lost my virginity to you when I lived in Buffalo with my dad. You are beautiful and rubenesque and super sexy and I would love to reconnect.

GINA L. (1991-1992?)
We were very young. I was living in Edison, New Jersey and I'm almost positive that we had a bunch of sex. If we didn't have actual sex then our second and third base



action must have been ridiculously amazing because you really stick out in my mind. I think you had a friend who went out with my boy Eric Miller and she's crazy and she smashed up his car windows. You are Korean and I am looking forward to hearing from you soon.

KAREN G. (1993-1994?)
I think you lived somewhere down the shore in Keansburg or Middletown, New Jersey. You were very sexy and you were friends with my man Larry Clifton's girlfriend, Meegan. We started doing it in my grandparents' house all the time while Larry and Meegan were together. You had perfect skin and I think you dyed your hair red at some point. Where you at?

PAOLA BK DINER (1997)
You are a Puerto Rican goth chick and you were waitressing at the diner by my house on the corner of 5th Avenue and 9th Street in Brooklyn. You like to hang out with your friends at the Pyramid on Avenue A and you lived in either Coney Island, Sheepshead Bay or Bensonhurst—I forget. We had sex a few times at my crib. You are very pretty and have a tongue ring and we should try to get up soon if you're not busy.

ASIAN COLUMBIA DORM ANAL (1998-1999?)
I used to do a hip hop party called Indie 5000 every Friday night at this shit hole called Nowbar on 7th Avenue South that was owned by this awesome midget named Mason Reese. One night you approached me and before I knew it, we were making out in a cab on our way to your apartment in Washington Heights. We entered your apartment and you immediately went down on me in your kitchen and then started saying, "Fuck me in the ass," like a crazy person. It was super hot and porno-ey. You had bunk beds and we did it on the top bunk while your roommate faked being asleep on the bottom bunk. It was one of my best nights ever and I had a great time but I broke out before I got your name or number. We totally have to do that again some time. If you are this girl, or know who she is, please, please, please get at me.

HUGE JAMAICAN INDIE 5000 LITTLE ITALY (1998)
Hello. We met at Nowbar when I did my Indie 5000 party there. Your friend was a hot Latina who had just gotten out of the Army. You were a Jamaican BBW. You, your friend, my security guard Sincere and I went back to my apartment on Kenmare and Cleveland at the end of the night. We had sex. What's been up with you? If you're around, we should hook up and check out a Red Lobster or a Sizzler or some shit like that. Okay, cool.

STANDARD HOTEL SUNSET BLVD "PERSIAN" AOL (1999/2000 ish)
Many people from the nation of Iran have a huge complex about being Iranian, so they call themselves "Persian", even though as far as I know, no such nation exists. Anyway, you are Iranian and we met in an AOL chat room and you and your friend came to my room at the Sunset Standard in LA. You were tall and hot and may have been young-ish. You and your friend took turns checking the parking meter outside as an excuse to see which one of you I would hook up with. I made out with both of you, but you and I ended up having hurried, nervous sex. You are crazy. I never called or emailed you again. Let's get together for coffee sometime!

INGRID L. (2001)
I messed up really bad. I don't know what I was going through at the time. Between the coke whore, the PSYCHO and the bulimic puking on my car, not to mention my hospitalization and other tragedies, I guess I somehow let you slip through the cracks. I treated you very badly. Like total crap! Let's get together and hit up an Applebee's or something!

NADJA LONDON (2003)
Me and you had really disgusting sex at the Great Eastern Hotel during London Fashion Week. I think every bodily fluid including blood was involved. You taught me about Otto von Bismarck and you were on Friendster for a while but now you are lost. I love you.

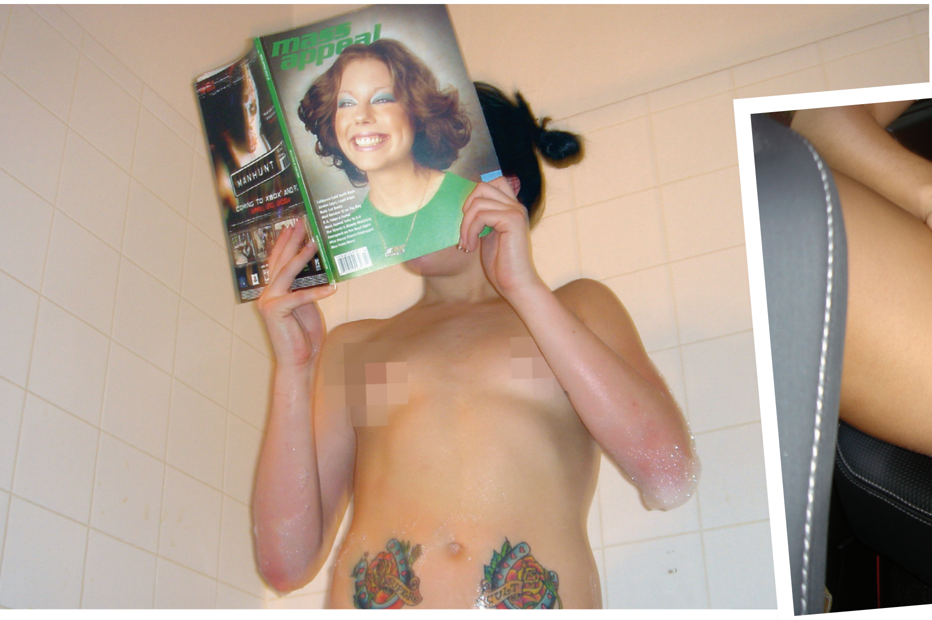
BIG GIRL HOUSTON (2003)
I met you when I was in Houston doing a Fannypack show at a club called the Roxy. After the show we went back to my hotel room and we had sex. You are a big and beautiful woman. Fancy was not there. Whassup girl!

HELSINKI FINLAND BLONDE HOTTEST GIRL EVER, BONER PROBLEM (2004)
You were so hot and you witnessed the absolute only time in my life that I ever had a problem getting a boner. So weird. You emailed me a few weeks later so it must have not been that bad, I guess. Let's totally hook up again next time I am in Helsinki!

STOCKHOLM SWEDEN AMERICAN GIRL STUDENT MISTAKE (2004)
After playing an amazing show in Stockholm at Berns, I was inundated with gorgeous Swedish women. There were at least three I could have definitely banged. You demonstrated the absolute most hardcore case of cock blockage in the history of humankind. At one point, while in deep convo with a Viking princess, you physically thrust yourself in between me and the Swede and pretended to be my girlfriend, later stating that you thought that girl was bothering me. You, parasite-like and uninvited, came back to my hotel where you proceeded to deny me sex, order (pricey) room service, take a bath, crawl into bed AND DID NOT LEAVE WHEN I REPEATEDLY TOLD YOU THAT YOU HAD TO GO!!!

By six AM I offered you bus fare, cab fare and eventually just a lump sum of cash to get the hell out of my room. You still didn't go. After about two hours of you lying in my bed naked (not having sex with me) and me sitting on the chair fully clothed, you finally got the picture and had sex with me even though at that point I hated you and didn't even wanna do it any more. Anyway, what's been up? Are you still living in Stockholm? I think I may be going to Sweden in March so look me up and let's grab a bite.

words & photos: ***Matt Goias***
goiasnyc@aol.com



SINEMATIC ENEMA

CHUCK NORRIS KICKS R.A. THE RUGGED MAN'S ASS

Live

I watched my entire life flash in front of my eyes when six-time undefeated martial arts champion Chuck Norris put me in one of his death-lock-choke-holds. As he showed mercy and let me go, I threw a kick at him, which he then easily blocked and karate-chopped me in the chest. I'm proud to say, Chuck Norris kicked my ass. I met up with the man, the myth, the legend at a tournament for his new creation, WCL: World Combat League, an association for full-contact, martial-arts fighters. Being that this is the R.A. the Rugged Man movie column, I focused on Chuck's film career, mainly classic '70s and '80s shit. He's made too many ill flicks to go through them all but here's how it all went down.

DO YOU REMEMBER A PUBLIC SERVICE ANOUNCEMENT YOU'RE IN CALLED "CRIME ON THE STREETS"?

No, I don't remember that.

IT'S GREAT. YOU WERE TEACHING PEOPLE HOW TO FIGHT AT THE CHUCK NORRIS SCHOOL OF KARATE. I HAVE A COPY OF IT.

Do you really? Oh my God! When was that?

IT WAS EARLY. IT HAD TO BE BEFORE *SLAUGHTER IN SAN FRANCISCO* [GOLDEN HARVEST].

You know, *Slaughter* was really a Chinese film I did called *Yellow Faced Tiger*. It's funny, I'm in it maybe six minutes total. I did it in 1972, then years later, my film career took off and I see "Chuck Norris starring in *Slaughter in San Francisco*" and I'm going, "What movie is that?"

IN *INVASION U.S.A.* [CANNON, '85], WHEN THE WOMAN IS SNORTING COKE, RICHARD LYNCH SLAMS THE STRAW UP HER NOSE WITH BLOOD POURING OUT AND THEN HE THROWS HER OUT THE WINDOW. THAT'S LEGENDARY STUFF. WHY AREN'T MOVIE VILLAINS SADISTIC LIKE THAT ANYMORE?

I don't know, though that was pretty brutal, R.A. [*laughs*]. Yeah, that was brutal. It's gotten a lot flashi-

words: ***R.A. The Rugged Man***
photos: ***Shilo Crawford***

er now, the high wire stuff, they use a lot of wires now. It's not quite as down and out rough.

HOW MANY GUYS DID YOU KILL IN THAT MOVIE?
Man, a lot. In like 23 movies, I probably couldn't even count the amount of people I killed [*laughs*].

IF YOU HAD A SACK TIED OVER YOUR HEAD WITH A RAT INSIDE GNAWING AWAY AT YOUR FACE, WOULD YOU REALLY EAT THE RAT?
No, I'd just bite it to death [*laughs*]. When we shot that scene in *Missing In Action 2* [Cannon, '85] , I said, "Where's the fake rat?" and they didn't bring one. They had these mountain rats for props and I go, "Wait a minute, are you expecting me to put a real rat in my mouth?" So, I put tape on the rat, hoping I could put my mouth over the tape. Well, the tape fell off. I grab the rat [and] I said "Well, kill him first," so they kill the rat and they hand it back to me. I said, "Alright, when I put it in my mouth, put the bag over my head and start shooting." After we finished I got the dry heaves 'cause I could still taste it in my mouth. Of course, that was my younger and foolish days [*laughs*].

DID YOU EVER ACCIDENTALLY HURT ANYBODY WHILE FILMING A FIGHT SCENE?
Yeah, unfortunately I knocked a guy out. We were filming *The Octagon* [America Cinema. '80]. It was a four-man fight scene and one of the stunt men got sick so I had to use a stand -in. I kicked the stand-in in the stomach and he went into convulsions. He was okay once we pumped air back in him.

OCTAGON **IS AMAZING—WHEN YOU FIND EVERYONE DEAD IN THE HOUSE AND THE WHISPERING VOICE IN YOUR HEAD TELLS YOU THAT NINJAS MUST'VE KILLED EVERYONE.**
[Laughs] Yeah, I don't know what that voice was. That's what the director wanted, to have that inner-voice talking to me. I really loved the martial arts we did in that particular film. It was fun.

WHO WAS THE MOST INSANE VILLAIN YOU EVER FACED IN A MOVIE?
In *Forced Vengeance* [MGM, '82]. The guy I had to fight was this big sumo wrestler. Do you remember him? He picked up the toilet bowl and threw it at me?

OF COURSE. THEN YOU KICKED HIM THROUGH A DOOR AND A PIECE OF GLASS FELL DOWN AND SLICED HIS NECK OPEN.
Yeah, that guy. Well, when he pulled that toilet bowl out of the wall, he tried to really hit me with it. He literally threw it at me. I had to dive out of the way just so the toilet wouldn't hit me. The guy was nuts.

WHOSE IDEA WAS IT IN ***REVENGE OF THE DRAGON*** **[FOX,' 72] FOR BRUCE LEE TO RIP A CHUNK OUT OF YOUR CHEST HAIR?**
Well, of course they didn't really rip the hair out, but that was Bruce's idea.

THE HAIRY CHEST IS LIKE A CHUCK NORRIS TRADEMARK, BUT IN LATE '80S, EARLY '90S, FILMS LIKE ***THE HERO AND THE TERROR*** **[MGM] AND** ***THE HIT-MAN*** **[CANNON], CHEST HAIR WAS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND. YOU STARTED SHAVING YOUR SHIT?**
I was pumping a lot of iron then. I was training with Lou Ferrigno and he said all body builders shave their chests. It accentuates the muscles. Then it got ridiculous. I got tired of doing that.

SILENT RAGE **[COLUMBIA, '82] WAS LIKE A VINTAGE '80S SLASHER FLICK, LIKE CHUCK NORRIS MEETS** ***FRIDAY THE 13TH.***
[Laughs] People always asked me to do a sequel to *Silent Rage*. I said, "Well, what would I do? I shot him, I burned him, I threw him out of the window. There's nothing else I could do to this guy. How many more ways do you want me to kill him?"

WHAT MOVIE IN YOUR CAREER DO YOU THINK YOU KILLED THE MOST PEOPLE?
Uh, probably the first *Missing In Action* [Cannon, '84]. I probably killed somewhere in the neighborhood of 100 people in that one [laughs]. I'm not sure the exact number, but it was a lot.

WHAT DO YOU THINK WOULD HAPPEN IF YOU KICKED ME IN THE HEAD RIGHT NOW?
Well, I want you to be able to see the World Combat League tonight. I'm really passionate about creating careers for these fighters and if I kicked you in the head you wouldn't be able to see the event tonight, so I wouldn't do that to you, R.A.

THANKS CHUCK.
Any time. Thanks R.A.

CAREER WATCH

MEDICAL MARIJUANA CLINIC

Imagine the freedom of not having to be so damn sneaky when getting your puff on. This is something some of us have only experienced on our escapades in Amsterdam. Well, progress seems to be on the horizon as marijuana has been legalized in 11 states for medical purposes. In California, for example, it's legal to consume, grow and carry marijuana if you've been recommended by a doctor ("Haaaaacck... all of a sudden, I'm not feeling so well"). But really, according to Jonathan Arbel, owner of Alternative Care Consulting in Southern California, marijuana is used to help the symptoms of everything from tension to Tourettes. ACC helps connect people that want to use marijuana as an alternative to other medicines, and they often find it's just what they needed. Mass Appeal *recently had the pleasure to get up with Jonathan and find out everything you always wanted to know about marijuana but were too high to ask.*

"It all started a little over two years ago when I was getting evaluated for medical marijuana. I found the doctor through a friend that said he was seeing a doctor that was really pro-medical marijuana. I was recommended marijuana—and call it 'recommend,' not 'prescribe'—for insomnia, and I also use it for stress relief. So, about half way through getting evaluated, I started a conversation with the doctor. What was so amazing to me is how this was around but nobody knew about it. I got an idea and asked him if I got a small clinic together, would he do a clinic with me, and he said, 'Sure.' Before this, I was managing restaurants in San Francisco, so it was really a huge career change.

"What we do at ACC is connect patients with doctors that are medical marijuana or cannabis-friendly. First, the patient finds out about one of our clinics—we're responsible for all of the marketing. We make sure they are a California resident because this is only good in California, as far as what we're doing. The patient comes in and fills out a medical history form, and then they get evaluated with a doctor. The doctor will go over the pros and cons of using cannabis. He'll go over some alternative methods of using cannabis as opposed to just smoking, eating it or using a vaporizer, which gives you a higher dose of THC. If the patient qualifies after a review of their medical records, the physician will recommend them cannabis.

"Once you're a legal patient, you're allowed to consume it, you're allowed to grow it and carry it. We really recommend that patients pursue the growing aspects—grow a few plants themselves and always stay under the limits set by your county so you don't get in trouble. For example, in areas like San Diego you can grow up to 24 plants legally indoors and you can carry up to a pound of marijuana on you. What we find is that one, the patients save an extreme amount of money and two, are able to do something that's productive, creative and really therapeutic.

"One of the most amazing things about this job is to watch a transformation occur [after] patients come into the clinic. Most of our patients are already using cannabis, but using it illegally. We see dramatic changes in people's lives with the liberation of being able to use cannabis legally. We get stories all the time like, 'I just got pulled over and I had my medicine with me and they let me go and I didn't get in any trouble.' The people that are using cannabis illegally are moms, dads, teachers and they are putting themselves out of dangerous situations by being able to use their medicine legally. It's the first job that I've ever had that somebody will come up to me once or twice a month and say, 'Hey, you really made a difference in my life.' It's an amazing thing. One of our patient's husband suffers from Tourettes and whenever he uses cannabis, the symptoms and the side effects go completely away. He swears up and down that it's the only thing that helps. And as soon as he stops using cannabis, the Tourettes comes right back.

"Right now, cannabis is classified as a narcotic along with heroin. I believe that the classification should really be lowered as far as legalization. Cannabis should be used responsibly like alcohol or any other approved drug. If we're going to legalize cannabis across the board it should be 21 and older. If you're going to keep it medical, I would keep it the same—going through a doctor first discussing all the benefits and making sure medical marijuana is right for you. I think that this is a great system and it really works. And you know what, I've seen a lot of clinics and a lot of marijuana patients and I've never seen any single one of them hurt each other, get violent or crash a car. Marijuana smokers just don't die from using marijuana.

"A lot of people say that marijuana is a gateway drug and it will lead to harder drugs, [but] we see the opposite. We see people coming off harder drugs and then saying, 'I want to use cannabis instead.' We get a lot of people who just do not want to take pills anymore. I don't know if you realize how many people out there are addicted to Vicodin, to Valium, Oxycontin—to all the opiates—and a lot of them are very well aware of it and they know that cannabis is a new alternative. They come in and say, 'Hey, I want to stop taking these pills and I would rather smoke or eat some cannabis instead.' We really see changes in these people's lives, which is a great thing because I guess the federal government would like us to [believe] that all our patients are lying, that this is not really happening. It really makes me happy when someone comes into my clinic and doesn't have cancer or doesn't have AIDS or isn't on their deathbed. It's our belief that cannabis is so beneficial that it helps with everyday types of pains. It helps with chronic pain, back pain, insomnia, migraine headaches, menstrual cramps. It's just really amazing.

"11 states have voted [in favor of] medical marijuana. In California, for example, a majority of voters voted for Prop. 215, which is what makes us legal. The one thing that's missing right now is more state support and more federal support for a law that's been voted in by the voters. The state recognizes medical marijuana but the federal government doesn't, so there's a situation now where a lot of voters in California feel their rights have basically been trampled on. San Diego for example, refuses to put out the ID card program, the patient verification cards. At Alternative Care, we distribute our own cards, which are medical marijuana verification cards, but the state refuses to do it on their own. Or at least certain cities refuse to do it. Politically, there could be more regulation, more governing done by the state. Now, they're just trying to pretend it's not there."

words: ***Samantha Moeller*** *photos:* ***Peter Graham***

OG STATUS

HANDSOME DICK MANITOBA

Live

Having seen "Handsome" Dick Manitoba walk the streets of the LES for years, I was simultaneously thrilled and intimidated by the prospect of interviewing him. As the lead singer of the Dictators, the Bronx native is a legend and one of the architects of what became known as punk rock. The band's 1975 debut The Dictators Go Girl Crazy! *was one of the first records that let me know you can be over 14 and still love wrestling, comic books, loud guitars and good times. Handsome Dick is quite the storyteller and a true NY character, to say the least. Whether he's singing with legendary Detroit rock outfit MC5, running his legendary East Village bar Manitoba's or waxing poetic on his Sirius satellite radio show, Handsome Dick is still always a voice worth listening to. His passion for music, life and NYC are as unquestionable as his OG status. We sat down for a face-to-face at his awesome bar and got busy. The guy's a plethora of knowledge and he's a true original. Pencil neck geeks beware—HDM is in the house!*

TO ME, *GO GIRL CRAZY!* SOUNDS LIKE ONE OF THE GREATEST INSIDE JOKES EVER TOLD.
You know, it was funny, clever and no one got it at the time. Now, 30 years later, we're genius. Go figure. *The Dictators Go Girl Crazy!* represented our culture and what we were about at the time.

IT NEVER SEEMED LIKE THE DICTATORS WANTED TO DESTROY ROCK 'N' ROLL LIKE MOST OF THE PUNK ROCK BANDS THAT FOLLOWED.
I never thought we were the quintessential punk band. We had a lot of different sounds, different influences. We were part of the punk rock scene, but I don't know if we were even punk rock. We dug heavy metal, surf music, pop music, English rock—a little bit of everything. We were influenced by the Who a lot, the Stooges, the MC5 Detroit thing, the Stones, the Velvet Underground arty thing, the Beach Boys, the Kinks.

I'M A BIG OLD SCHOOL WRESTLING FAN, AS ARE YOU. WHO'S YOUR FAVORITE WRESTLER OF ALL TIME?
If you put me in a figure four-leg lock and made me answer before I submit, I would have to blurt out, Classy Freddie Blassie the Hollywood Fashion Plate. His book made me laugh out loud. I mean, it wasn't a deep read, but it was thoroughly entertaining. Whenever you read it, you hear his voice in your head. He was the greatest, hands down. He managed guys like Abdullah the Butcher, Ivan Koloff, Blackjack Mulligan, George "The Animal" Steele—a bunch of heels basically.

WHO WAS THE MASTER OF THE FIGURE-FOUR LEG LOCK?
Buddy Rogers, a mid '60s wrestler. He was in the Gorgeous George School of Wrestling. He had great hair, platinum blonde. I used to love the Valiant brothers—"Handsome" Jimmy and "Luscious" Johnny Valiant. They used to talk a gang of shit. I got my name from Handsome Jimmy. I remember them from the early '60s. I used to watch wrestling in the Bronx with my grandfather. I dug wrestling before baseball, football or anything. Old school wrestling was the best. You know, when Stan Stasiak died, Richard Meltzer wrote an obit on him in the *Village Voice*, I think. I loved that stuff.

SPEAKING OF RICHARD MELTZER, WHAT WAS HIS ROLE IN THE BAND?
He was the unofficial sixth member of the Dictators. He was our patron saint and the grandfather of rock journalism. We wrote "Borneo Jimmy" for him on the second record.

HOW DID YOU COME TO BE THE DICTATORS' LEAD SINGER?
Andy Shernoff was the original singer and I was the drunken roadie. I used to come up and sing "Wild Thing". We did some songs with him as the lead singer. He's a talented songwriter/producer, but when I would come up and do my song, I used to get a big reaction. Andy's forté wasn't charisma or fronting a band. Everyone should do what he should do in life. He did what he did and I did what I did. I eventually became the main singer 'cause that's what I do and what I did best. He later played bass in the band, wrote songs and when Marc "The Animal" Mendoza joined the band, he switched up to keyboards.

OKAY, I'M GOING TO ASK YOU ABOUT A FEW OTHER BANDS. TELL ME WHAT COMES TO MIND: NEW YORK DOLLS?
Love 'em. Great rock 'n roll band. Great songs, great music.

THE STOOGES?
Great primal rock 'n roll band.

THE RAMONES?
One of the handful of great and influential all-time bands. Loved 'em, good guys.

TELEVISION?
Not a big fan.

MC5?
Big fan, love the music, love the people, the fashion, the style.

THE SEX PISTOLS?
Love 'em. Talk about a short career. One great record. I bring this up on my radio show a lot. Do they deserve to be in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame? Yeah they do—they flipped the whole script! Changed the whole game. Some things I guess ain't made to last. They're too revolutionary.

THE CLASH?
Loved 'em. One of the bands that really pushed the envelope. I loved their diversity. Just a lot of different sounds. If certain things were in place, they could have been as big and influential as U2. The reggae stuff they did was great, the punk stuff, the almost rockabilly stuff. It was all great. One of the best bands ever.

SORRY DICK, BUT U2 COULDN'T TOUCH THE SWEAT OFF THE CLASH'S BALLS ON THE BEST DAY OF THEIR CAREER!
Well...[for example], just 'cause someone like Green Day aren't the Ramones doesn't mean they suck. Just 'cause something ain't the Stooges or the Ramones doesn't mean they suck. Just like if a gangster movie ain't *The Godfather* don't mean it sucks. I mean, Green Day...it ain't their fault. The kids love 'em, they're a good band. Not like Kiss, who were all flash, no content. They were fun but not great. It ain't Green Day's fault they ain't the Beach Boys or the Beatles. They're still a good band.

I HATE THE BEACH BOYS. THEY'RE SO WHITE BREAD.
You hate the Beach Boys? I love Brian Wilson. He's right up there with Lennon and McCartney to me. I mean, they sound like the beach, they sound like the sun. Songs that are so big and amazing like the warmth of the sun. It makes me feel the power of the ocean, the power of the surf. Dante, you're disappointing me with that one.

WHAT DID YOU THINK ABOUT *PUNK* MAGAZINE IN RETROSPECT?
In retrospect? It was what it was. It was the literary version of what we did. I used to get drunk with 'em, hang with 'em. You could say we deserved each other. They started the mag for us and the Ramones, or so they said.

YOU SET OFF THIS THING CALLED PUNK ROCK, INFLUENCING THE WHOLE WORLD, WHETHER ON PURPOSE OR NOT. HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THAT?
I feel the Ramones kind of did that. They sold a lot of T-shirts, did a zillion shows, they really hit their stride of influence. They were super influential and important. I feel we weren't as influential and important. We were what we were and I'm glad we did what we did. We had a niche, we had a thing. I'm just glad we touched some people and that we're all still alive.

WHO WAS THE SONNY & CHER FAN IN THE BAND?
No one, really. Covering "I Got You Babe," was a joke of sorts. I was Sonny on the duet, by the way. Andy was Cher!

SO WHAT REALLY HAPPENED WITH JAYNE/WAYNE COUNTY AT CBGB'S BACK IN THE DAYS?
Okay, it was an unfortunate incident. I was drunk and heckling. I was on my way to the bathroom. Jayne was speeding on black beautys and thought she was going to be attacked, so she hit me in the head with a mic stand and gave me a bunch of stitches. I got the worst of it. We didn't talk for 20 years, but we made up. We're good friends. These days she DJs [at Manitoba's] sometimes. It's all water under the bridge. Looking back on it, I'm just glad I made it through it all. These days, I got the bar, I got a three-year-old kid, I'm singing with the MC5 and running my place. It's fun to still be in the mix [after] over 20 years. I'm clean and sober for a long time now and having a blast being me.

words: ***Dante Ross*** *photos:* ***Angela Boatwright***

BIZARRE RIDE

words: ***Arthur Vandalay*** *photos:* ***Estevan Oriol***

J-SWIFT PRODUCED ONE OF THE GREATEST HIP HOP ALBUMS OF ALL TIME, THEN PROMPTLY DISAPPEARED. NOW A NEW DOCUMENTARY EXPOSES HIS JOURNEY THROUGH CRACK ADDICTION, HOMELESSNESS AND REALITY TV.

COME ON IN

In 1992, J-Swift produced The Pharcyde's classic debut album Bizarre Ride II the Pharcyde*. Offering a hilarious, free-spirited alternative to LA's dominant gangsta rap, the innovative album spawned hits like "Ya Mama" and the timeless "Passin' Me By." After The Pharcyde tried to take some of the credit for his beats, J. fell out with the group before the seminal album was even released. Still, the Inglewood native managed to parlay his obvious talent into a label on Tommy Boy called Phat House, while working with another hip hop group called Da Wascals. Neither venture paid off and Swift kept afloat through the late '90s by doing remixes and production for Prince, Chaka Khan and Mos Def's group UTD. While he flirted with cocaine use in the mid-'90s, a bout of depression prompted him to start sniffing white again in 2002, which led to crack addiction. The next few years were filled with mayhem, as Swift struggled to work on his music and keep control of his studio. When TV and film producer Shauna Garr (an old friend) found Swift, he was living in a tent. Since then, they have filmed a documentary called "1 More Hit," chronicling Swift's fight to kick his habit and finish working on his new album,* Negro Knievel*.* Mass Appeal *caught up with the missing legend almost 60 days into his rehab program and found out about his truly bizarre ride.*

WHAT DO YOU THINK PROMPTED YOUR DRUG USE?
When my mom had [an] accident, I just had a nervous breakdown. I didn't even realize that I had such depression, because I was just in the midst of it. She was in surgery for like 14 hours, she broke her neck, broke both her lungs, broke both her ankles, ruptured her spleen, fractured her skull. They were telling me, "She might not make it though the night." Also, my relationship with the mother of my kids was really down to the worst possible place it could be, so she wasn't supporting me emotionally. I couldn't bear to think about it and I knew that when I smoked dope, I wouldn't think about it. So, my drug use increased. Then two months after that, I had a falling out with her and she kicked me out the house. I was living at my studio and that really was devastating. So then I just started smoking every day.

HOW DID THE DRUGS MAKE YOU FEEL?
It's like a quick high. You just feel happy and horny and you just forget. It makes your problems go away. I would be in the studio crying 'cause I couldn't believe that I was in the situation that I was in. I was like, What did I do to deserve this? All I did was try to help everybody, so I was kinda feeling sorry for myself. I was feeling suicidal but I knew that I didn't have the balls to put a gun to my head, so I figured I'd smoke dope and just kill myself off this dope.

DID YOU KEEP MAKING BEATS DURING THIS PERIOD?
I'd go into the studio and I'd lock my door and I'd just smoke dope and slowly but surely I started working on beats again because, you know, that's my number one addiction. But I was about to lose my studio. My phone was cut off. This one guy who I did a remix and did some production for came looking for me. [This was] the day before I was going to get kicked out. There were these little gnats in my studio. I wouldn't even want to go out, so I would piss in a bottle. I was drinking a lot of wine and liquor, so I would just piss in all the bottles. I tried to talk to him about what's happened with me and he said, "I need two remixes. Do you think you could knock them out for me?" I was like, "Yeah, I'd love to but I have to move," and he was like, "I'ma pay your studio for six months, just knock this remix out for me." That gave me a ray of hope, so I started weaning myself off dope. I started exercising, working on these remixes.

SO WHERE DID THINGS GO WRONG?
I was doing business with some Mexicans. I had to start doing illegal business just to keep my shit afloat. Like, letting them cut and distribute they dope in my studio. I had dope of theirs hidden in the studio, and I mean in a heavy fashion. I'm talking like, pounds and stuff. At any given moment there'd be like a half-pound to a pound or two [of rock] stashed.

AND IS IT BECAUSE YOU'RE SMOKING SO MUCH AT THIS POINT, YOU'RE INDEBTED TO THESE DEALERS?
No, I wasn't indebted to them, I just had developed a system. I would go out onto Hollywood Blvd. and I would buy dope. See, what they do is they send dealers out here and they don't have no paperwork, so if they get caught, they just get deported. They don't even go to jail. So there was one Mexican kid I knew and he was leaving to Mexico. He introduced me to this older guy who had juice. He seen that I had a studio and that I was doing music. He saw the gold album on the wall, so he [told] me, "I am going to bring you whatever you want, at any time of the night, all week, but on Sunday, we gotta straighten out the books." So, I was like, "Cool." But his plan was that once I did have a tab, I would start paying him by letting him operate out of my [studio].

DID YOU HAVE MONEY TO SUPPORT YOUR HABIT?
Well, I still had money. I had a single deal and I still had my royalty checks coming. Most of the time I could pay him and I figured that's what it would be, 'cause I was naïve. But he was like, "I'm going to start doing some business out of here and I'll just give you dope." So, I had a girlfriend at the time, Kelly, she's in the movie...

THE WHITE GIRL?
Yeah, the white chick, Kelly. She knew where the dope was stashed and stole over $3,000 worth of dope.

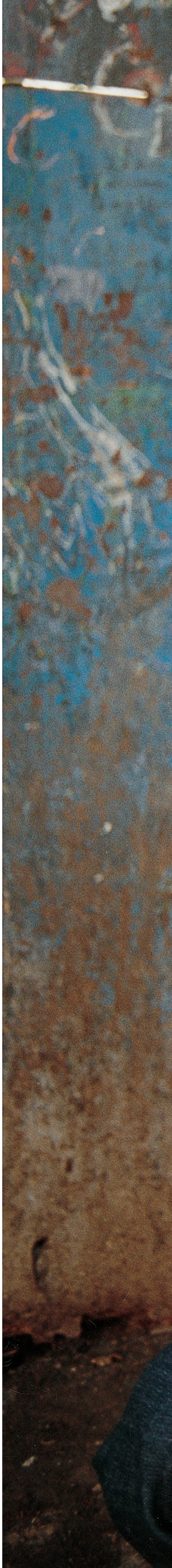
AND SHE SMOKED IT ALL?
Yeah! I was out of town. When I got back, they went to check. We were going to get killed. Three hundred rocks [were gone], so I was like, "You know what, bitch? You're going to go hit the track." I didn't know what to do. I didn't know any other way. Nobody was going to lend me three grand, my relationships were already fucked up. So, she started hoeing.

DID SHE MAKE RIGHT BY THE $3,000?
Yeah, we changed the program and she didn't know where the shit was at. We finally got right with them. I [eventually] stopped doing business with him, 'cause he had to leave to Mexico. But then I come home one day and every pimp, hustler and basehead was in my studio. And she's playing hostess! She would let people in because she wanted to smoke dope and I wouldn't give her no dope. They would want to come in there and chop their shit and wrap it.

WHO WOULD SHE LET IN?
This [one] Crip, he rapped and I made the mistake of doing a song for him. Then he wanted me to do three more songs and I was like, "You gotta pay me a thousand." The next thing you know, his [leather] jacket comes up missing, and Kelly [is] like, "I owe him $800." You know, textbook gangbanging. So one day he came over and was like, "Where's my money, cuz?" That nigga took a couple shots to my body and I was laid out on the ground. They beat the shit out of me and just invaded my studio. They put [Kelly] on the track. They had took her to their motel, got her dressed up and they started pimping her. They tied me up with handcuffs. They slid all my filing cabinets to one corner of the room and put me behind it. People would come in the studio like, "Yo, where's J.?" And they put they foot on my neck like, "Cuz, if you say one thing, I'm going to snap your neck." Then they'd be like, "J-Swift ain't here." They basically had me hostage in my own studio.

IN A MATTER OF HOURS, THEY HAD HER ON THE TRACK AND YOU TIED UP?
Yeah. I was in pain. I was dehydrated. I really felt like I was slipping, because I was so thirsty. Then he poured some soda in my mouth and dropped the Styrofoam so I'm drinking the soda and I'm spitting out the Styrofoam. They were just horrible. They took most of my equipment. They didn't take my computer, thank God. They took the monitor and took the keypad, thinking they had the computer, idiots [laughs]. But they left the brain. If they would have took that computer, I might have killed myself, for real—I might've just took it to a switchblade and just cut my veins, because all my masters [were on] this computer.

HOW DID YOU GET AWAY?
I heard one of them talking that they were going to really fuck me up or get me out of there that evening, 'cause they couldn't move me out of there during the day. So, I didn't know if they were going to kill me or what. Fortunately, I got loose again. They didn't put wire through my T-shirt, so I slid out of my stuff. This was all God working. There was only one Crip in there at the time and he was watching a college football game. I was in shock. I wasn't even thinking



correctly, but something just told me, "Run." So, I ran out in just a T-shirt and got the security and the police.

WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE COPS CAME?

I didn't even cry the entire time I was getting beat the fuck down or tied up. But when I saw [Kelly], I just broke down in tears like, "How could you do this to me?" I couldn't believe it. So then the police were like, "Well, do you want to press charges?" I was beat the fuck up and I was like, "Nah, I don't want to press charges." The cop was mad, like, "They beat you down, they stole your equipment and you don't want to press charges?" And I said, "No," because I didn't want no police doing my work for me. I'm still from Inglewood, you know what I mean? I still got people that live in the hood. The last thing I need is for these people to hear that I ratted these niggas out to the police.

HOW DID THE DOCUMENTARY COME ABOUT?

I had met Shauna [the producer of "1 More Hit"] in '94. She was working with MTV and she had her own production company—she was doing big things. She wanted to do a film on me back then and I was like, "Hell nah, I'm doing my records." So then in 2004, I hadn't talked to Shauna in like, almost a year. I called her one day like, "Yo, can I borrow $20?" She knew it was for dope but she was like, "Alright. Where are you? Where have you been?" I was like, "I live under this tree on Ivar and Hollywood Blvd." So, she comes over and she gives me this $20. She's like, "What are you doing under this tree?" and I'm like, "I live here." She couldn't believe it, and she was like, "Well, what's going on with your music?" And I had my CD, so I popped it in her truck and when she heard it, she was like, "Ohh, this is dope!" That's when she got the idea, like, "I can make a film out of this." And she was like, "If I can get you back in the studio, will you stop smoking dope and work on your album?" And I was like, "Hell yeah." So, that was the beginning. She started filming me everywhere.

SO TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED—THE ORIGINAL IDEA WAS TO TURN IT INTO A REALITY SHOW?

I still had my drug use and was still you know, getting filmed. But this guy who wanted to be a producer—this guy that me and Shauna had put on while there was no budget— had locked up on some of the footage. Also, I had my computer at his house because I did the last two weeks of my album at his house. So, there I am stuck, with no computer. So, naturally they thought that I just didn't care about doing music, like, "Ohh, this was just a ploy to smoke some dope." Which was bullshit, but what could I say? So they pulled the plug on the show.

AND SO YOU FELL BACK, INTO THE ADDICTION?

Yeah, I was worse than ever, because it was like I got an uplifting moment and then it just got pulled from up under my feet. So, I'm back in the streets with Kelly and then I end up getting arrested, again. So this time, they wanted to put me in an in-patient [rehab] place, but this place, you can't come out at all, which I didn't care 'cause at that point I was really ready...

TO JUST COME CLEAN?

Yeah. But then I was like, "Can I bring my equipment?" They were like, "No" and I was like, "Well, fuck y'all," 'cause I couldn't work on my music. That was the only thing that gave me happiness—God and my kids, and then my music. And I can't do my music? And I really can't go see my kids when I want to 'cause, you know, my baby moms ain't down with me so then I was like, back to the streets. Shauna stayed down with me. She was still filming me and then she got some other interests and people involved and started making it into a movie 'cause this was a story that had to be told. A lot of people are going through this kind of shit.

HOW DID YOU FINALLY END UP IN REHAB?

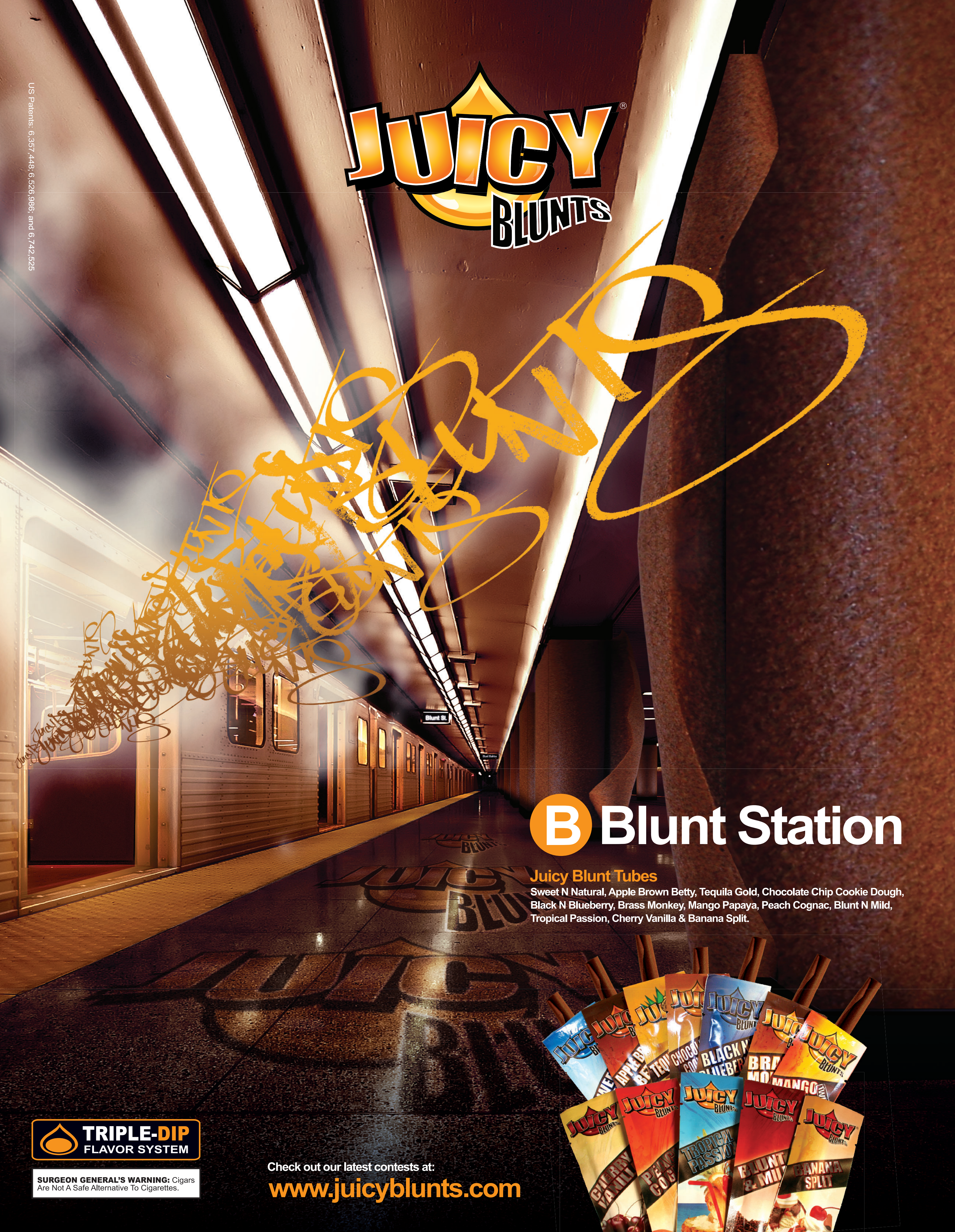
I had to report to this probation officer for like, two months. They had all these restrictions: I gotta give a DNA sample, I gotta call every day to see if it's time for me to get tested. I had a suspended sentence, so if I fucked up, I was going to prison. I couldn't take it. I couldn't smoke weed, so I violated my probation and was on the run. I was like, Fuck this shit, I can't do it. My plan at that point was to finish my album and then just turn myself in, but Shauna introduced me to this chick named Leslie who worked at Land Community. It's like a drug rehab place but they also deal with mental illness. She was like, "Look, they got a bed for you. You'll be able to eat and stuff. You're going to be on restriction for thirty days, you won't be able to go anywhere but after thirty days, you can go out." When she told me about that shit, I jumped on it, like, "Hell, yeah, I want to go." So that's where we are now. After three p.m. to ten p.m., I can be out. When I do another thirty days, then I can go out on weekend passes, like be gone for the weekend and hang out with my kids and then come back.

HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN CLEAN, AT THIS POINT?

At this point, I've been clean almost 60 days.

HOW ARE YOU FEELING ABOUT THINGS?

I feel incredibly great. I'm not going to lie, I mean I had the feeling like, I want to do some dope. But then it went away. I would just sleep it off. And then when I got my [restrictions lifted], they were like, "Are you sure you're ready for this?" Because this place is on Skid Row—right when you come outside, there's people living in tents, like smoking right out on the street, selling dope right there. So I'd walk outside and they'd be like, "What you need, what you need?" And I was like, "I don't need shit." I really didn't want to [smoke]. I was really like, "Wow, it's over." I used to have dreams of smoking dope. I would be asleep, dreaming like, "God, please take this shit away from me." But he did, you know? ★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words: ***John Z.*** photos: ***Mark Lutzker***

A CONNECTICUT COLLECTOR SHOWS OFF HIS PRIVATE STASH OF CANDY-COLORED AND CHROMED VINTAGE BICYCLES FROM THE '60S AND '70S AT THE NEW ENGLAND BIKE MUSEUM.

During the 1960s and '70s, kids from Connecticut to California often cruised their neighborhoods on sparkly banana seat bikes with high ape hanger handle bars, springer front forks, stick shifters and loud colors. Some bikes had extended frames, ridiculously high sissy bars or steering wheels. They had crazy names like the Grey Ghost, the Screamer, the Roadmaster, the Bandito and the Lemon Peeler. Back then, these rides cost upwards of $125, which was a gang of loot for a shorty's bike.

Compared to today's standards, those bicycles were heavy, bulky and an insurance liability waiting to happen. Not only were they hard to ride, they could easily cause injury if you banged your nuts on the shifter. Although these models are currently out of production, that doesn't mean they have been lost forever—just ask 44-year-old Jim Barnard, a Connecticut collector. Barnard's collection contains more than 100 rare and obscure bikes from this forgotten era in his space, dubbed the New England Bike Museum. Like the Batcave or the Wu Mansion, the exact location is a secret—unless you know someone.

Each year, a few avid bike collectors make the pilgrimage to Barnard's bicycle shrine 125 miles north of Manhattan, which houses pristine, chromed-out and candy-colored rides that dangle from the ceiling and are meticulously parked on iron racks. Spotlights and laminated description cards detail the bicycles, elevating their status from former children's playthings to seriously displayed works of art. "When you step into the museum, you get bowled over by the amount and the condition of the bikes," he says. "It's like the too good, ruby slipper kind of feeling."

Each of the bicycles on display is close to mint condition and some are in the same shape as when they rolled off of the assembly lines more than 30 years ago in places like Chicago, Nottingham, England and Westfield, Massachusetts. "Everyone followed Schwinn and Raleigh because they were the coolest bikes," says Barnard. "Everyone tried to outdo them." An avid bicycle enthusiast, Barnard is just like the sneaker freakers who travel the country looking for that pristine lot of dead stock Air Jordan 1s or those forgotten Adidas Kareem Abdul-Jabbars.

For the past decade, he's dug through bike shops and barns from Texas to Pennsylvania on his quest for vintage muscle bikes. He's fished through the want ads for the British-made Raleigh Chopper 10-speed or the Schwinn Apple Krate, which sports a springer front fork, red sparkle seat, drum breaks and tons of accessories. "If I was on vacation, I would open up the phone book and look for the oldest bike shop and ask if they had anything or if they knew of any collectors," says Barnard, a married father of three. "My wife hated that." He's dropped a grip of loot buying out old stock from bike shops, pieces from other collectors and he's even made a $1,000 street side purchase of a rare bike in New York's Chinatown, which he compared to a drug deal. "We're sitting in the van at night and counting out the money," he said. "This was pre-easy access to the computer, where everything is just a bid away."

Barnard's love of bicycles began when he was nine years old and received a 1970 blue Raleigh Chopper for Christmas. At the time, his bicycle represented a sense of freedom as he rode it to school, to the local swimming hole and to his fort to smoke dope with his pint-sized bike posse. As the years went on and Barnard became old enough to drive, he eventually lost interest in his two-wheeled machine

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and sold it to a neighborhood teen for $25. After a few years had passed, Barnard wondered about the ultimate fate of his bicycle and set out to find one similar to the one from his youth. He eventually found a few Raleigh Choppers for sale, but none of them were his blue 1970 model, so his search and collecting continued.

That search led to more rare and obscure models, which eventually filled up his bike museum. The collection, which is estimated to be worth $150,000, includes a stunt model of a Swing Bike, which features a hinge under the banana seat, allowing the rider to cruise with one side on the curb and one side on the street. He also has the coveted 1969 Iverson Dragstripper, an ultra-rare ride made by Stelber Industries of New York. George Barris—a legendary custom car designer for television shows who created the Munster's Coffin Dragster, the original Batmobile and the car for the Green Hornet—designed this highly sought-after model, which fetches upwards of $2,000. "I've [collected] four of them through a lot of begging, searching and screaming," he says. "I bought two old collections just to get two of them."

In addition to displaying his bikes in the museum, Barnard and his bike crew often take their vintage whips to the streets of downtown Hartford. Some days they have wheelie and skidding contests. Other times, they ride to a number of local bars, parking their cycles side by side, just like a line of Harley-Davidson motorcycles. In the process, a lot of heads turn to get a glimpse of these vintage cruisers. "A lot of people remember these bikes," he says. "You'd also be surprised by how many pretty girls want to come up and sit on your bike—it's really a rush." Visit the New England Bike Museum at *nemusclebikes.com* ★

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STUDIO GANGSTER

WHILE ESTABLISHING HIS MILITARY-MINDED STYLE, ALFREDO MARTINEZ MADE MONEY AS AN ART FORGER. HE LAID IT ALL ON THE LINE FOR ONE HUGE SCORE, BUT ENDED UP WITH SOME CELL THERAPY AND A NEW WORK ETHIC. ONE LOOK AT HIS RAP SHEET, STUDIO AND ART, AND IT AIN'T HARD TO TELL—THIS ARTIST HAS A LOT TO SAY, BUT HE AIN'T NO SNITCH.

In the worlds of art and crime, lies and treasures get flipped like Astro Pops on a hot day. And once you have a taste for the hustle, it's too sweet to give up the game—even if that means switching up avenues. Thirty-seven-year-old artist Alfredo Martinez has the whole world in his hands: resourcefulness, trickery and a sense of humor, but tonight—the night before his biggest solo show since finishing his prison bid a few years ago—he has to focus on flipping nearly all the pieces for his show. Oh, and with less than 24 hours to go, he's barely finished. There is junk strewn about everywhere: stacks of covers for boat motors, a toddler-sized Timberland, a female mannequin's head, lead pipes, books and tons of posters for political candidates. All the machinery—buffers, sanders, small motors and bicycles—is dismantled. Quickly realizing the humor of the setting, he recounts a story about a time he was hesitant to bring a date up here, but then she actually ended up liking it. In fact, Alfredo seems like the kind of guy that would ask a girl on a date, then take her to the junkyard to shoot rats. But soon, it becomes apparent that he might be a lot slicker than that.

The curator for the show, Andreis, comes into the room laughing maniacally. Apparently, Alfredo's studio was neatly organized only weeks before. Andreis is freaked-out by the disarray and the possibility that his star artist won't finish in time. When asked to account for what he's been doing all day, Alfredo explains that he's been cutting up ski boots with a jigsaw. He needs a soldier for the show, and the pieces will be put together to make a "female super soldier, like a female Boba Fett." Andreis takes some partially finished pieces and leaves, shaking his head with a grin. "See, I've done this a million times," Alfredo says. "For him it's like his sweet sixteen party [*laughs*]."

I first met Alfredo at around ten p.m. by his studio, next to the Smith & 9th Street station at the top of Red Hook in Brooklyn. He doesn't have a phone, but I knew what to look for: a huge Puerto Rican guy. Alfredo walks up, on time, with a grin on his face and crud on his hands. I knew he did time and all that, but Alfredo kind of looks like if the Incredible Hulk took up a good hobby and got out of shape. We walk next to a water canal towards his studio in a group of factories and we both agree: it looks like the kind of place that the mob would dump a body. But for Alfredo, this type of New York scene is the only way to live.

Alfredo grew up in Sunset Park, not far from his Red Hook den, in a building above the hangout of a biker gang called the 69ers. "The first people that taught me a lot about guns were the biker gang. I remember when I was like 11, they let me shoot a machine gun. They had a Mac-10 with a silencer. I was a happy little kid," Alfredo recalls. "I wanted to take it apart. Actually, I was notorious for that—taking things apart." His father owned a junk store, and Alfredo spent a lot of time there indulging in his love of dismantling things, especially a Thompson machine gun. Today, everywhere in his studio are diagrams, drawings and paintings of guns. I ask him

if it's true: can he make a firing gun out of anything? He picks up a plumbing pipe off the floor and says, "This is great tubing, 'cause if I tried to buy a piece of tubing just like this, it'd be 50 dollars! It's the perfect size. It's very strong. A lot of people really like my early machine guns I've made—those were really *Mad Max* looking," he says excitedly. "But now my stuff is starting to get more sophisticated looking. And they're like, 'Oh, you're just buying store bought ones!' It's like, 'No, I just got really good.'" Alfredo did have some regular childhood experiences though (If not, by now he certainly would be a notorious serial killer with a media-moniker, like 'Automatic Alfredo'). As a kid, he was also into Kitbashing, where he took a bunch of different robot and vehicle model sets and incorporated them into one original piece. The teenage years chimed in and Alfredo started getting into punk, so his parents sent him off to Reading, Pennsylvania to stay out of trouble. "Which is really funny, 'cause out there, I started hanging out with all these redneck, right wing guys," recalls Alfredo. Then things started to get astonishing. He got a job as a Private Investigator working for perennial presidential candidate and famed conspiracy theorist Lyndon H. LaRouche. At 18, Alfredo returned to New York and used his handy man skills to make money by building sets in clubs and assisting artists. Working with more conceptual artists, Alfredo started making his own art.

One day, while assisting some artists, they asked him to get a drill from the adjoining studio, which belonged to an older Russian fellow. Alfredo went in, grabbed the drill and got back to work. Later that day, the Russian approached Alfredo, which ended up resulting in a new partnership. "He brought me to his place and he had this old, big bureau and he opened up a drawer: all full of money, just stacked in there," recalls Alfredo with a laugh. "And I'm like, '*Awwwwww*, you shouldn't have this much money in here!' And he's like, 'No problem.' And closed and opened up the other one: all full of guns. I saw grenades in there, and I was like, 'Oh my God!' Then I started working for him." The Russian turned out be an art forger, who dealt mainly with religious and masters' pieces. The classic material bored Alfredo, but he soaked up the business methods of art forgery. "The art dealer's always chomping their lips, 'Oh, a deal!'," says Alfredo. "Their reaction would be, if they found out something was forged, 'Can we get more for less money?'"

Alfredo eventually stopped focusing on his art, opting instead to go into the forgery business himself. "When I started doing forgeries, I was doing Basquiats and Keith Harings," says Alfredo. "I was doing contemporary stuff because it was easier—you can make something very large and no one thinks anything very strange about it, [plus] there's more of it floating around." Fronting as an art dealer, business was fair, but Alfredo admits, some of the stuff he was making wasn't that good. Alfredo pushed himelf to make more forgeries, but had to get his assistant, who was none

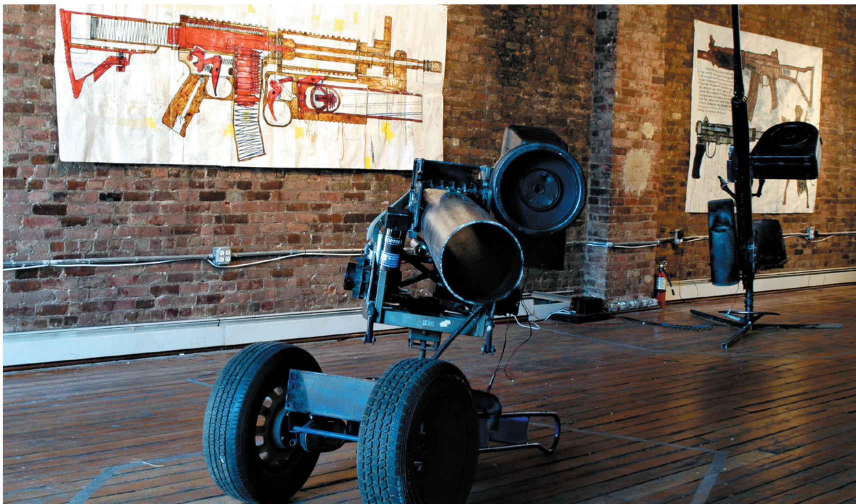
the wiser, out of the studio. "So, I said to him, 'Here, take these four Keith Haring drawings, take them to this collector,'" recalls Alfredo. "Tell them the price is 12 for each one and tell him, 'Cash.'" As the hours went by, Alfredo started to get worried, but the assistant finally showed. "He's like, 'Fucking hell, it took me five hours, we had to go to four banks to get all this.' The day I sent him out was the day Keith Haring had announced that he had AIDS. And I didn't hear this; I didn't watch the news that day. So it became huge, everyone started buying speculatively and my assistant and the collector thought that I meant $12,000 [each], when I meant $1,200," Alfredo says, laughing. When the Keith Haring market slowed down around '89, Alfredo moved to Brussels and got a job as an arms dealer.

Still only 21 years old, his boss got into some trouble and fled the country, so Alfredo went back to the States, enlisted in the Army and returned to Europe as an American soldier. "I think I just started stealing stuff and making stuff out of boredom," says Alfredo in retrospect. "The thing was, I got in trouble with the loan sharking business." Higher power got wind of Alfredo's banking schemes, but fearing he would implicate officers, Alfredo was quietly sent home, as if he had never enlisted. In '93, a 24-year-old Alfredo returned to New York City and decided to become an artist. His cover as a curator, when he was only selling forgeries, was still intact and he began to curate galleries and show his own work at Alleged Gallery and Exit Art. To make ends meet, Alfredo continued to make and sell forged art. "You know, it's not that hard. I would be like, 'Oh, Goddamn, I gotta do another one,'" says Alfredo with a laugh. He continued on this path, switching up his hustle pitch, but his personal work still remained sci-fi and military based. Working as a gun consultant for the film *Ghost Dog* [1999], Alfredo got to talk war with RZA and further indulge in his firearm fascination.

It took the dream of a big score to turn Alfredo around. "I remember the year before, I was trying to sell my story, trying to get a book deal as a forger. They loved the story, but they didn't believe me 'cause I never got arrested," recalls Alfredo. "I thought, I never tried to go for the gusto. So, I was trying to make enough for the work to get like a million, a million and half. I thought, If I sell it all, I'll go move to a place like the Philippines and if people want to come visit me, it will be like visiting Colonel Kurtz [from *Apocalypse Now*]. They'll have to come up river for three days." Alfredo even consulted with his lawyer, who told him if he got caught, he would do two years, max. Ready to take either outcome, Alfredo manned his battle station and shot for the stars—he ended up doing 21 months in Metropolitan Detention Center in Brooklyn. Turns out a Colombian drug-money launderer thought he deserved cheaper prices from Alfedo. When Alfredo refused to sell that hype for cheap, the Colombian followed through with his bluff and tipped off the F.B.I.—perfect.

Like a legendary grifter with a shit hand, Alfredo loved to hate the restrictive circumstances at the MDC and quickly started causing trouble when he arrived in 2003. "I deliberately injured myself to keep from having to work. I gave myself an ingrown toenail," recalls Alfredo of his cellblock charades. After constant infractions, the warden took away Alfredo's art supplies as punishment. But other prisoners were quick to support him, smuggling him art supplies and yelling *Cuckoo!* when they saw cops. "I would do drawings for people and I remember, I would do these trades," says Alfredo. "It was like being in the military. I ran a little scam: I had one guy doing my laundry, one guy cleaning my room for me. 'Cause in prison, someone who was an artist is in high demand." The warden did what he could, but Alfredo managed to have three one-man shows while in prison by having prisoners and guards smuggle out work. The warden really didn't like this and kept applying heat to Alfredo, so he went on a hunger strike, not eating for 55 days, knowing that it didn't warrant extra time to his sentence. After losing 75 pounds, he was restrained and force-fed through a tube. "I realized why I hadn't had the career I wanted to have, because I really never made these big bodies of work, I was just lazy!" Alfredo says. After being released, he focused on his own art. "I developed a real work ethic [in prison]."

The night after the visit to his studio, it became clear what Alfredo's passions are as he painstakingly constructed last-minute pieces for his show at the Canal Chapter. "Arsenal For Democracy: War Corporatism" pretty much resembled the Paris Air Show that Alfredo describes from when he worked as an arms dealer 15 years prior. The sculptures were life-sized field artillery, like missile launchers and machine guns. They looked realistic at arms length and if Bush had satellite images, he would

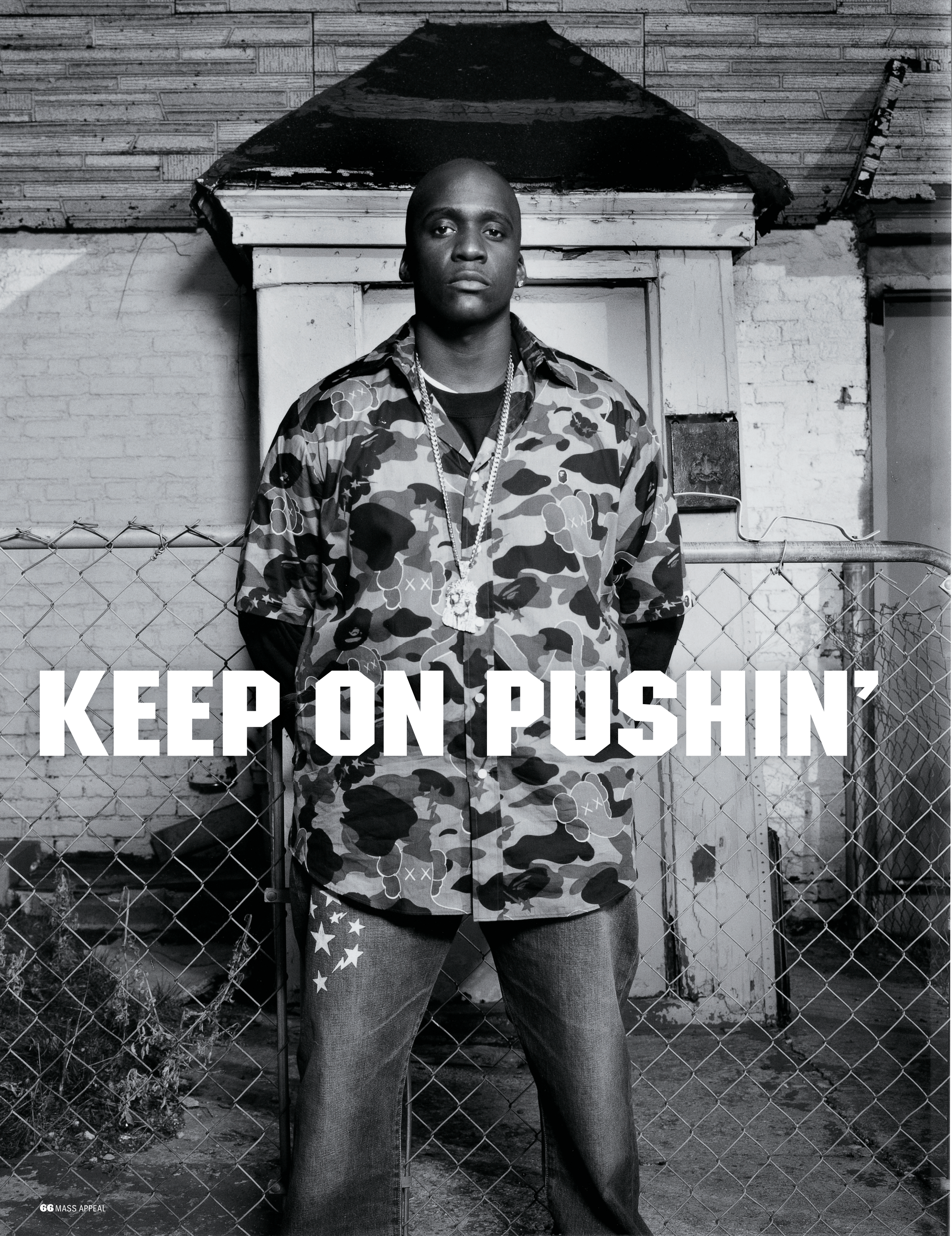


deploy beaucoup troops. After studying each sculpture, it suddenly dawns on you—hey, those are bike joints, hand brakes and shocks. That's a tuba case and that's a bucket top. On the walls were drawings and paintings of skulls, helicopters, planes, but mostly firearms. There was no Female Boba Fett, but Alfredo definitely lived up to the show's title. The show was well received, there was a good mix of people and several pieces were sold. Still, considering the size of the sculptures and the straightforward illustrations, it was a risky time and monetary investment for Alfredo.

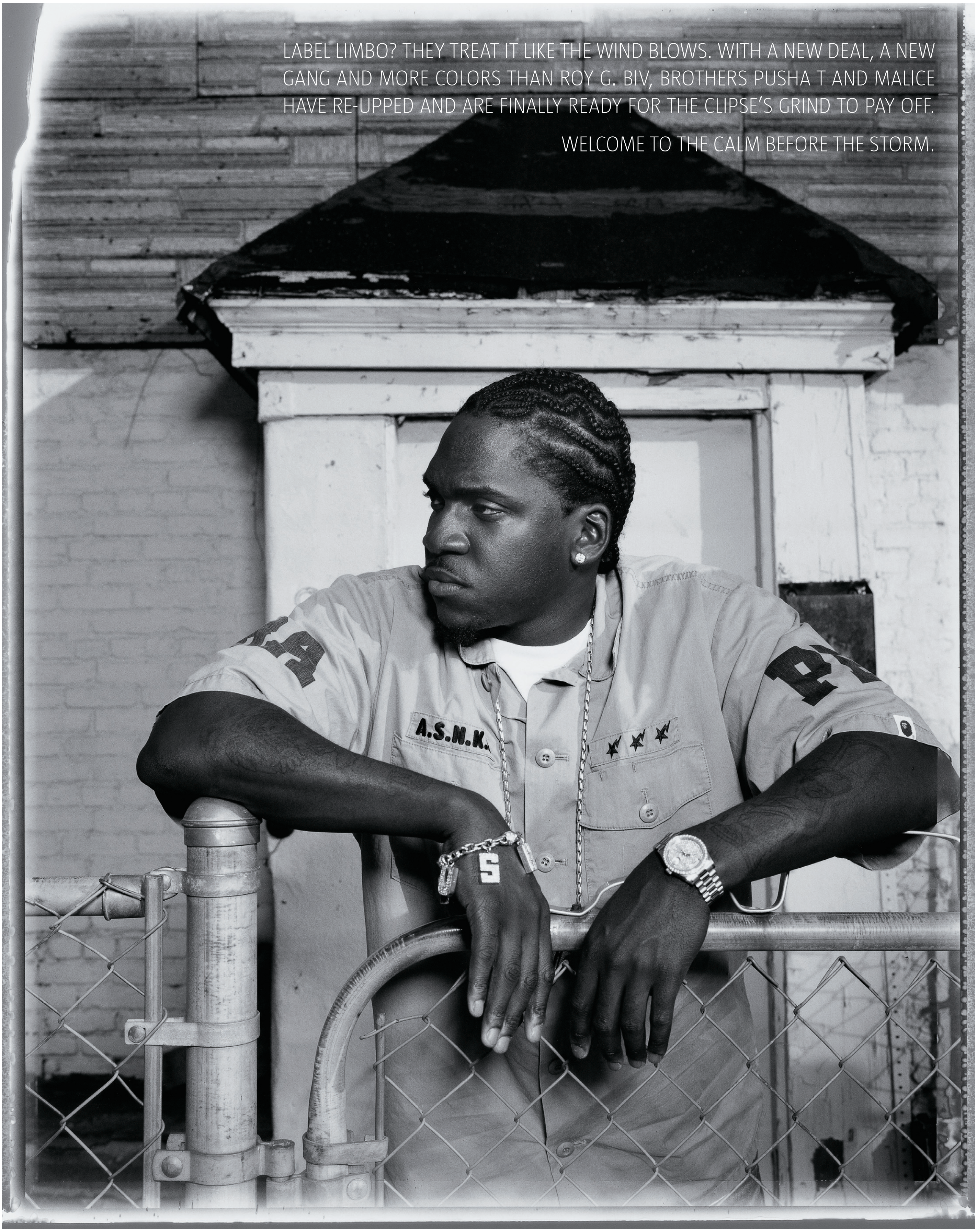
Alfredo has plans of doing some performance art, posing as a political refugee, as well as finding more junk, making more amazing art and probably cleaning his studio up—your usual gangster fare. And then there's the potential book. But with no deals on the table and his history of high-stakes deception, publishers might be weary. Alfredo dropped names, but never in an incriminating way. If his criminal past were to become exposed, it begs the question—Why he didn't just snitch in the first place? That's a guaranteed book deal. "The thing is, the art world will forgive me for doing the forgery, but they'd never forgive me for snitching," Alfredo explains. "I'd just come out and no one would deal with me or talk to me 'cause no one could trust me. There is honor among thieves."

Three weeks later, in mid-February, I got a call from a reporter at the *New York Post*. Apparently, the police shut down the Holland Tunnel mid-day, because somebody had put a life-sized cannon sculpture within striking range. He speculated that it was the work of Alfredo because he was known for this type of thing and the Canal Chapter was only blocks away. It was news to me. Did I know if this was the doing of Alfredo and was there anyway I could get in touch with him, the reporter asked? As far as I knew, Alfredo had skipped off to somewhere in rural New Jersey, completely out of reach. The article in the paper said that the police never thought it was real, but removed it because it was an eyesore. The heat might be on, but Alfredo's probably out somewhere next to an unused bridge scourging for junk to bring back to his new studio. Alfredo's a new man now, he went inside and came out on top. Perhaps there will be a book and everyone buying that hustle are the ones paying for the crime. ★

See the video at massappealmag.com.



KEEP ON PUSHIN'



LABEL LIMBO? THEY TREAT IT LIKE THE WIND BLOWS. WITH A NEW DEAL, A NEW GANG AND MORE COLORS THAN ROY G. BIV, BROTHERS PUSHA T AND MALICE HAVE RE-UPPED AND ARE FINALLY READY FOR THE CLIPSE'S GRIND TO PAY OFF.

WELCOME TO THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM.

words: ***John Caramanica*** *photos:* ***Shane Nash***

At the rate hip hop has been minting new stars lately, there's been hardly any room for the brothers Thornton—Gene aka Malice and Terrence aka Pusha T—to muscle in. Entire movements have come and gone while they were down in Virginia Beach, waiting for the hole in the defense that never seemed to come.

Because even though the Clipse have had one gargantuan hit, the divine "Grindin'"—some of the most outré, punishing and artful trap music of the last decade—it was, ultimately, just one hit. And laying in the long shadow of the Neptunes, who'd shepherded them since their inception, it looked like they might remain obscure. Maybe even willfully so. But where most groups would have moped themselves into inaction, or sought refuge on the block, the Clipse regrouped. Last year, while their album Hell Hath No Fury *was caught in label-merger purgatory, they released a pair of sterling mixtapes—*We Got It 4 Cheap Vols. 1 & 2*—that rescued them from the threat of encroaching invisibility. Their covers sprinkled with white, they were the most arresting, eloquent evocation of the twisted morality of the hustling life since early Biggie or Jay-Z.*

All this was happening while hip hop was rediscovering its street side. The Clipse, though, never really left the corner. Since their first record deal—which resulted in a never-released album, Exclusive Audio Footage*—they've established themselves as careful technicians with a flair for vivid metaphor. On* Lord Willin'*, their 2002 debut, they rode roughshod over some of the Neptunes' most eccentric production, letting the game spin around them as they held firm to their turf. The two installments of* We Got It 4 Cheap *only proved what the Clipse had been arguing for half a decade—done right, street tales never get old. Finally, though, the rap world was in agreement. At press time, a resolution of their label trauma was imminent, and* Hell Hath No Fury *will, hopefully, see release on the group's new imprint, Re-Up/Jive, later this spring. Let's get it!*

YOU'VE REFERRED TO DOING MIXTAPES AS THERAPY. WHAT DOES THAT MEAN?

Pusha T: We've been so consumed for the past three years with all this business, that this is the only time we felt we were progressing. The only thing that was keeping us happy, keeping us sane, was to do these mixtapes. It brought the fun back. It reminded us, 'Oh shit, this why we do it.' Doing the mixtapes was like that bliss.

IS THAT A VIRGINIA VERSUS NEW YORK THING? BECAUSE IF YOU'RE IN NEW YORK, YOU'RE ALWAYS WITHIN SPITTING DISTANCE OF BEING ON A MIXTAPE, SO IT'S NOT NOVEL.

P: We were never part of the mixtape scene and when we attempted to be part of the mixtape scene, we weren't accepted. We had connects, but for whatever reason we couldn't get on a mixtape. No one was trying to hear from Virginia boys.

Malice: We did reach out to some of the heavy mixtape DJs. It never popped so we figured that you know we'd just do the OutKast thing, you know? Make our own little zone. So we just did the mixtape, like Pusha said, to stay sane.

P: And not only that, I think we were stuck in a mixtape time warp. Being that we were shunned, I could only think back to *DooWop '95 Live* and to the Bad Boy mixtape and to the Clue tape with the Lox on there. Back then it wasn't even a lot of new songs on mixtapes. It was all rhyming over whatever the hot, hot beat was and it was a competitive spirit, showing the next man, 'Oh I'ma kill your beat.'

WHEN YOU GUYS PUT OUT *VOLUME 1,* WHAT DID YOU THINK THE AVERAGE RAP FAN THOUGHT ABOUT THE CLIPSE? OR DID YOU THINK THE AVERAGE RAP FAN JUST DIDN'T THINK ABOUT THE CLIPSE? WAS THAT A FEAR OF YOURS?

M: We just didn't want them to forget about the Clipse. I think on *Volume 1*, I was like, 'What the hell? I'm doing a mixtape.' That didn't sit well with me. I didn't sip the juice, you know? I was rebelling a little bit – that's why you only find me on 6 joints on the first one. But then I see that people paid attention so that's why on this one, I had to be on, because somebody gave a fuck.

P: We felt that rap was spiraling out of control. A whole bunch of charisma, no lyrics. A whole bunch of 'I got bricks, I got bricks, I got bricks.' No philosophy. So we like, 'Oh no, dog it's going too far. They going too far.' We sitting back watching, like, 'Oh shit! He gonna get away with it? That motherfucker got away with that shit?'

ON *VOLUME 2,* YOU'RE LIKE, 'WE KNOW THAT COCAINE TALK NOT LIKE YA.' IN CONTEXT, THAT SEEMS TO BE ABOUT LIL WAYNE.

M: I mean, yo, we ain't into none of that. I want everybody to make they money, just stay the fuck out my lane. That's all. That's how I feel about it.

P: We definitely not haters, man. Not at all.

YOU FEEL ALRIGHT ABOUT IT?

P: I feel great about it. I mean I stand by everything I say and if it makes you feel a certain way inside then maybe it's you. I hear people say a lot of things in raps. They don't make me feel no type of way. I feel like we inspired a lot of stuff that's going on now.

M: We got a lot of goddamn fans out there. Rappers.

OBVIOUSLY 2005 WAS A BIG YEAR FOR STREET RAP—JEEZY, DIP SET, THREE 6. WERE YOU SURPRISED TO SEE THAT? BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN ON THAT PRETTY RELIABLY FOR YEARS. YOU WERE ON IT ON *LORD WILLIN',* EVEN THE FIRST ALBUM, THE ONE THAT NEVER CAME OUT, WAS A REAL STREET RECORD.

P: I'm glad you made that point.

WHEN YOU DID THAT FIRST RECORD WITH ELEKTRA, DID IT OCCUR TO YOU THAT IT WAS WEIRD IN THE BROADER CONTEXT OF HIP-HOP AT THAT TIME, WITH ALL THE PARTY AND CLUB RECORDS THAT WERE BIG?

P: Nah, I never thought the record was weird. I never thought we were out of place. I never thought I was out of tune. I mean, *The Infamous* album fucked up my life. *Ready To Die*. So I'm figuring I'm in the lane like a motherfucker.

M: That's what we knew. That's what was going on.

P: "The Funeral" was inspired by our man getting tortured and killed. Like, that's what the hell was going on in Virginia at the time. It was wild. Virginia for so long has been the major come through spot for drugs, period. It was the out-of-towners. You come from New York to Virginia, you coming to take over the market. But by that time Virginians had caught wind. We talking '97-'98. It's shooting out, it's wild, it's crazy. It really hadn't kicked in yet that you really going to jail and you really going for a long time, so everybody was reckless and doing their thing.

ON THAT FIRST RECORD, IT'S WEIRD HEARING PHARRELL TALK ALL THAT THUG TALK ON THOSE INTERLUDES.

P: When you around us, you just fall into that zone.

M: It's gotta be hilarious now.

P: Now don't get it fucked up—Pharrell is from the hood. Like he's from the fucked up shit. His shit's fucked up.

HOW COME HIS APPROACH TO GETTING OUT OF THAT SITUATION IS TOTALLY DIFFERENT THAN YOUR APPROACH?

P: No idea. Couldn't tell you why.

SO THEN WHY DID THAT FIRST ALBUM NEVER COME OUT?

M: Who knows, man.

BUT THEN THE NEXT TIME, COMING OFF OF A PLATINUM RECORD, *LORD WILLIN'*, I'M SURE YOU GUYS FELT LIKE YOU SHOULD HAVE SOME CLOUT. BUT THEN YOU SEE THESE BIG SHIFTS HAPPENING ON TOP OF YOU, WITH THE LABEL

A.S.N.K.A
CLIPSE

PROBLEMS. HOW SOON DID YOU GET DISHEARTENED?
M: Look, I think I'm just coming out of that. I had a whole bunch of faith in the system, until finally we had to put our foot down and say, 'Hey, This is not working out for us anymore.'

P: Dealing with the whole corporate world and trying to put this album out in the middle of a merger... mind you we got the hardest street record in the world. And people acting like we ain't put "Pussy" out. I'm like, 'Oh no, this is the shit! Are you serious?' We're trying to get the label to come down—'Yo, come check out the album!'—and meetings were cancelled, so you just begin to feel like, 'Damn! Is anybody paying attention?'

AT THAT POINT I IMAGINE IT HAD TO HAVE STRAINED YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH PHARRELL. LIKE, 'WE'RE STUCK. WE KNOW YOU'RE STUCK. BUT WE'RE STUCK AND THAT'S A PROBLEM AND WE'RE IN HERE IN VA AND THE MIXTAPE DJ'S AREN'T FUCKING WITH US AND WE'RE JUST WAITING.'
P: We've never got into it about the whole situation. We were in it as a whole. The way we look at it is like, the Clipse the only platinum group off Star Trak. Like we did better than the Clones album. We did better than all them joints. So you got to be hurting too. I mean, of course, you got your own beat hustle and everything else but... we all hurting together.

M: I mean this whole situation is not just all Pharrell's fault or all Chad's fault or all Jive's fault. Jive and Star Trak, they both have wild change. We the only ones who had to sit here and suffer, you know what I'm sayin? So a lot has to be proven to us.

HOW DRAINING HAS THE WHOLE LEGAL PROCESS BEEN?
P: What can I say to tell you how draining? I'm talkin' about mood swings. I'm just now putting my weight back on.

AND DO YOU GET THE SENSE THAT JIVE, AFTER ALL THIS, UNDERSTANDS?
M: I can only hope that they understand. I can only hope, you know, that everybody puts their muscle into it. I can only hope. But like I said, I'm heartbroken. And I don't have any faith in nothing except for what we sit down and write.

WHAT IF BEING GOOD ISN'T ENOUGH? THERE'S A LOT OF RAPPERS NOW, AND THE LABELS DON'T NECESSARILY LOOK FOR THE GUYS WITH LYRICS.
M: Maybe we're just in our own little bubble and don't know. I think we just haven't had any real MC's and I think that's why these kids accept what they accept, because they don't know nothing different.

DO YOU THINK THE REASON LYRICS STILL MATTER TO YOU IS THAT YOU'RE NOT IN THE NEW YORK LOOP AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO PAY ATTENTION TO WHATEVER THAT CYCLE IS?
P: So much. Like I'm so glad that we live where we live. I been debating recently about moving and I don't know. I don't know because I just don't want it to fuck with my creativity. I would hate to move somewhere and then become part of that scene.

M: Like I can sit in Virginia and say, 'Aw man, you dumb as fuck!'

IF YOU GUYS ARE AT YOUR CREATIVE PEAK, AND YOU CAN DO EXACTLY THE THING THAT'S CLOSEST TO YOUR HEART ON THE MIXTAPE LEVEL, WHY WORRY ABOUT AN ALBUM AT ALL, HONESTLY? YOU'VE BEEN SUCCESSFUL AND PRESUMABLY CAKING OFF ON THE MIXTAPE...
M: Never! We didn't do a dime off the mixtape. That was a freebie to the streets for them waiting and supporting us. Real talk! Dog, I haven't got a dime for that.

WHAT, CLINTON SPARKS DIDN'T SEE A CHECK FROM IT?
M: He probably got a house and a car. I don't know what he did.

P: *We Got It 4 Cheap* was serious, dog. We're fighting for our lives on *We Got It 4 Cheap*. That's not just a title.

SO THIS IS NOT JUST, LIKE, Y'ALL DON'T WANNA GET IN TROUBLE WITH THE I.R.S.? SOMEONE GOT MY $6...

THERE'S
NO
BUSINESS
LIKE
SNOW
BUSINESS

M: You think we're bullshitting! That's a compliment because we didn't make a dime.

WHAT ABOUT SHOW MONEY?
M: From what? You can't get a show.

P: I'm in Virginia. We not in Alabama. We not Webbie. You think we Webbie! I live on the East Coast, I'm talking 'bout mixtape central. I don't have Chi-Town to go to. Like Jeezy and them have Mobile, Little Rock. Slim Thug and them they got K.C. and whatever and so does Mistah FAB and all them guys in the Bay Area.

YOU DON'T HAVE A NETWORK?
P: We don't got that network! We don't get our records played on radio!

M: Hold on now, [turns to manager], how much you think we made off *We Got It 4 Cheap*? Be honest.

Manager: We didn't make a dime.

M: How many shows we got off *We Got It 4 Cheap*?

Manager: None.

M: I had to clarify.

P: We might be the only people in that bubble.

SO THAT SAID, THE SENSE I GET IS THAT THIS IS GOING TO BE A PRETTY DARK RECORD.
M: Yeah, I'm angry. It's dark. Mean. Street. Very street.

IS IT DRUG SHIT? IS IT EMOTIONAL SHIT?
P: Drug and emotional. Emotional drug record, that's it. It's a fuckin' Scorcese film man. It's like we paint the picture of the ignorance, of the anger and ignorance that comes along with the whole drug game. The mentality of why people do this and what they get caught up in. What the bitches is thinking. We know why them bitches is fucking you cause we gonna fuck them bitches. We gonna treat them bitches accordingly. It's about knowing and being conscious of it but just being like, 'Yo fuck it. That's just what I'm into. It's one thing to just do something and just do it blindly. But if you understand what's going on, not that that makes anything excusable, but you not just ignorant.

IS IT HARD TO TEMPER THE LESSONS WITH WORDPLAY?
M: To us that's the magic.

P: That's the part of hip-hop that's missing. It's one thing to say 'I sell bricks, I sell bricks.' But when you saying, "Trunk like Aspen/Looking like a million muthafuckin crushed aspirins," dog, we getting back to the colors. A lot of dudes is working with the 8 crayons in the box. They do not have the 64 box, yo. They don't got "Burnt Sienna" They got red, yellow, blue...

M: They got Roy G. Biv.

P: It's halfway depressing and halfway like, 'Are you serious?' You could be depressed with it, or you could watch and be like, 'Oh dog I'ma come back and smash ya'll motherfuckers.'

M: Don't wake 'em. Just let 'em sleep.

P: You gonna wake the fuck up, though. In a panic. With fire alarms going off. ★

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WHEELING AND DEALING

THE STREETS OF EVERY MAJOR CITY GET HEAVY TRAFFIC FROM CATERING TRUCKS. BUT CITIES LIKE OAKLAND, WITH LARGE MEXICAN-AMERICAN COMMUNITIES, HAVE MADE PARKING LOTS AND CORNERS GRIND SPOTS FOR TACO TRUCKS THAT SERVE CHEAP AND DELICIOUS FOOD FAST. GIMME WHAT YOU GOT FOR A TORTA!

words: ***Maclean Jackson*** *photos:* ***Dylan Maddux***

ACAPULCO RECORDS
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Tacos Los Michoacanos
WE'RE OPEN
AVISO
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So many hate on fast food. They say, "It's unhealthy!", "It's corporate!" "They use third world baby cows!" Maybe the problem is that the haters can't think outside the Happy Meal box. Maybe it's time to abandon the Acura, balk at the mall and walk down the boulevard in a Hispanic community for quick, handheld delicious food. Catering trucks in California date back to the LA area in the early '50s and '60s, when the trucks would service factories and Hollywood sets for lunchtime convenience, but today taco trucks up and down the West Coast serve authentic Mexican fare like tortas, tacos, menudo and tamales. California's Bay Area is known for its diverse culinary delights, which usually means more money, more problems. Looking for an alternative, *Mass Appeal* asked Ajene Moss, an East Bay native and creator of the website *tacotrucks.net* and photographer Dylan Maddux to find out what's on the menu in East Oakland's taco truck scene.

Hit International Boulevard, the life vein of East Oakland, and you'll find all types of people washing down a lime sprinkled carne asada taco with a refreshing Jarrito Mexican soda. Taco trucks start opening up at around nine AM and some keep at it until around three in the morning. Look down International Boulevard at around five PM and you'll find at least two taco trucks on every block. Some owners set up tables and benches outside their trucks where families, couples and friends, all enjoy food. The prices are pretty much standard: $1.25 for a soft taco, $3 for a torta, $4 for a burrito—the hot sauce and limes are free. Though the prices are cheap like commercialized Mexican fast food chains, the recipes and quality are as different as night and day, bringing that authentic Mexican food to the block. You'll find meats like carnitas (fried pork), tripas (beef intestines), lengua (beef tongue), carne asada (beef steak), chicken breast and thighs, al pastor (roast pork), cesos (brains) and cabeza (beef cheeks). The menu is more of a guide, as most taco truck cooks will make customized orders: select a meat to fill a torta (sandwich), quesadilla or tostada and accompany it with a bowl of menudo (soup).

For five years, 30-year-old Johnny Gomez and his brother have manufactured catering trucks at their LA-based West Coast Catering Trucks. As a Native Southern Californian, Gomez has gone from witnessing the evolution of the catering truck to customizing them. "In the late '60s and'70s, there were no individual owners, there were only major companies that had [catering trucks]", says Gomez. "This one com-

pany called Royal [had] 200 hundred trucks. They would lease them to people or have their own employees, and they would go to construction sites or factories—different locations where it was inconvenient for them to bring their food [from home]." The catering truck companies had contracts with the businesses, where they would go to the parking lots of businesses for a designated amount of time. "Each truck probably had about four or five stops during the day," explains Gomez. The trucks offered a variety of fresh, cheap food to the workers and became very popular with the blue collar LA population.

Around this time, the catering trucks started hitting the streets of the Bay Area and like the blue-collar persona of the Oakland Raiders, they generated a dedicated fan base. The rise of the Hispanic community throughout California allowed trucks to specialize in authentic Mexican fare. Then, in the early '80s, after realizing the earning potential of this budding industry, more individuals started breaking away from the companies, buying catering trucks and going on their own routes. "Little by little, there was a change. Now instead of the catering trucks having a route and having four or five stops, they would sit up at one location and then they would be there the whole day," Gomez explains.

Some are scared by the "roach coach" image associated with taco trucks. Jose Montes, an employee of the El Ojo De Agua #3 truck in East Oakland says, "They see which ones are clean, people notice when the trucks are dirty and they won't go to them. We're very clean, as you can see." Gomez also points out, "A catering truck has to pass through major health codes and inspections. On top of that, in my personal opinion, they sell fresher food than average restaurants because the catering truck will buy their meats and poultry and produce on an everyday basis." A restaurant might buy meat for an entire week at once, but the taco truck owners do it one torta at a time and prepare most items fresh on order. With the abundance of taco trucks, each kitchen might have a specialty to draw customers. If the tortas aren't stacked, slide down the block and score a superior sandwich. Jose Montes feels his truck's best dish is the Tortas Especial—"We're the only people that make Hawaiian and Cuban style tortas, and the 'Mother in Law': it's got pork, lettuce, tomato, onion and avocados." But what if the local palate isn't tolerant of a particular Tejano technique? "If the catering truck does bad or doesn't quite provide you the success or the sales that you want, you get up and you move to the other side of town," says Gomez. "That's the good thing ... you have the option to move around at any time of the day, until you find a good location."

Since the trucks don't always have set locations, customers might distinguish a truck by its appearance. "Some people get really creative because you don't want to have that type of business and have it all blank on the side. People will drive by and expect a delivery van," Gomez explains. "You want to outfit it with some nice graphics and logos, maybe some food painted on the side—something that catches the eye." But don't expect corny talking Chihuahua mascots hitting the streets, woofing about a particular truck anytime soon. What keeps people coming back to a truck is the quality of the food. "It's all a matter of what the customer asks for. If the customer demands a certain item, a certain food, at a certain price, at a certain convenience, there's always gonna be people that's gonna be there to provide that service," says Gomez. "It's like any other business—if the demand wasn't there, catering trucks would not have evolved to what they are now." Por favor believe it! ★

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Jewlery by **RJ Graziano**, *rjgraziano.com*.
photos: **Howard Huang** styling: **Kate Erwin**

From Left: Pearl wears a leopard print slip by **Charlotte Tarantola,** *charlottetarantola.com* and a black lace dress by **Plenty by Tracy Reese** *tracyreese.com.* Jewelry by **RJ Graziano,** *rjgraziano.com.* Thara wears a woven leather dress by **Dsquared**, *dsquared2.com* and jewelry by **RJ Graziano**. David wears a suit by **Tommy Hilfiger**, tommy.com and a tie by **Marc Jacobs,** *marcjacobs.com.* Cross by **Simmons Jewelry**, *simmonsjewelryco.com.* Belt by **Versace**, available at *jodamointernational.com.* Sunglasses by **Stussy**, *stussy.com.*

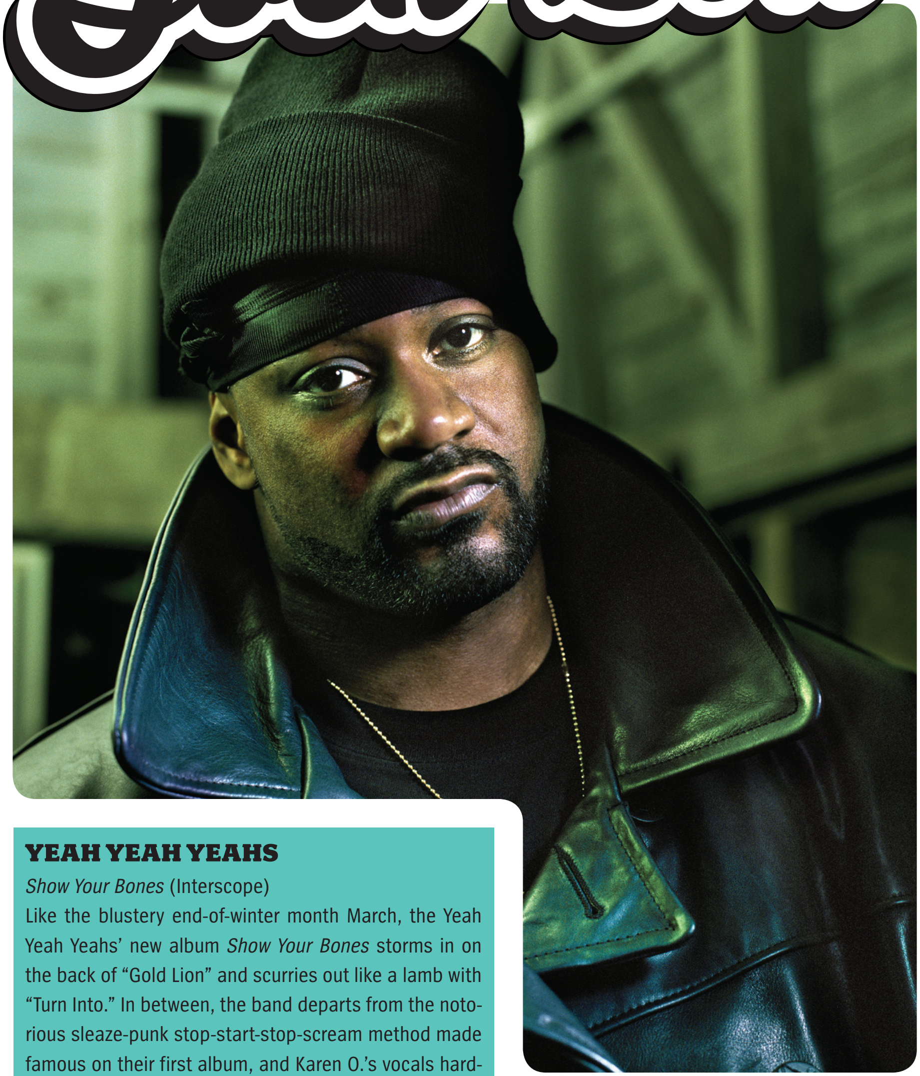
Joe wears a suit by **Tommy Hilfiger**. Shirt by **Evisu**, *evisu.com*. Purple scarf is stylists' own. Spawn wears a jacket by **Marc Jacobs**. Shirt by **Howe**, *hauseofhowe.com*. Vintage tie by **Christian Dior**, available at Rue St Denis, New York. Pants by **Tommy Hilfiger**. Fez is stylist's own.

Spawn wears Jeans and a jacket by **Tommy Hilfiger**, *tommy.com*. Sweater by **Tundra**, availabe at *jodamointernational.com*. Boots by **Timberland**, available at *drjays.com*. Bracelet and ring by **Simmons Jewelry**, *simmonsjewelry.com*.

David wears a cross by **RJ Graziano**, *rjgraziano.com*. **Big Rob the Jeweler** wears his own chain and ring, availabe at *bigrobthejeweler.com*. Both shirts by **Man Plus**, 33 West 8th Street, New York.

Prop styling by **Robert Dixon** Make-up by ***Jason Haun*** Hair by **Q. Harley**
Cars provided by **Grand Auto Repair Inc.** & **Sweet 'N' Low Auto Club**

Jock Box



GHOSTFACE

Fish Scale (Def Jam)

At a time when elder MCs are focused on extraneous ventures and younger, hungrier rhyme slingers are gobbling up radio spins, it's hard to see where a stuck-in-his-ways rap vet like Ghostface would fit in. After the commercial failure of his critically praised Def Jam debut, *The Pretty Toney Album*, one would expect Starks to concede to the demands of the *106 & Park* demographic and create an album full of pop rap. Never that. Retaining the ferociousness present since he exploded on the scene in '93, Ghost comes through with yet another display as to why he's hip hop's most supreme clientele.

Dense slang, dusty soul, intricately woven street tales, time-tested, unrelenting flow—Ghostface is back to doing what he does best: making music to wreck rap lames while putting the best to shame. This go around, while RZA was busy scoring films and helping salvage the careers of downtrodden Wu members, Ghost called on a new set of beatsmiths including recent collaborator and equally eccentric MC MF Doom, who produced the portentous all-Wu-inclusive track "9 Milli Brothers" and the frantically quirky "Charlie Brown," where Ghost reveals his motivation: "I'm here to save hip hop 'cause it's dying away". On "The Champ," one of the album's highlights, Just Blaze delivers one of his most compellingly unhinged beats, while Ghost, over strained funk and dingy drums, brings his usual eccentricities to the table. Raekwon reconnects with Ghost on the funkadelic "Kilo," where the two overtly wax about their favorite past time: coke distribution.

Still, there are slight cracks in the wonderful anomaly that is *Fish Scale*. For those less acquainted with Tony Starks, there's the Ne-Yo-assisted "Back Like That," that although sounds like a rehash of *Bulletproof Wallets*' "Never Be the Same Again," comes off more genuine, albeit still formulaic. Save for that pop concession, *Fish Scale* proves to be Ghost's most inspired work, producing one of the Wu's best albums to date. Now, if only Method Man could get his shit together. *– Damien Scott*

YEAH YEAH YEAHS

Show Your Bones (Interscope)

Like the blustery end-of-winter month March, the Yeah Yeah Yeahs' new album *Show Your Bones* storms in on the back of "Gold Lion" and scurries out like a lamb with "Turn Into." In between, the band departs from the notorious sleaze-punk stop-start-stop-scream method made famous on their first album, and Karen O.'s vocals hardly veer towards the abrasive, though notably so during her post-chorus howls in "Fancy." Instead, her voice acquires a childish frill, begging comparisons to Chan Marshall or Joanna Newsom (though O. consistently leaves other female rock vocalists in the dust) and the lullaby-ish "Dudley" seems just an episode of "The O.C." away from appearing on my mother's iPod.

The Yeahs spend this record twisting through different styles and showcasing the talents of not only O., but also guitarist Nick Zinner and drummer Brian Chase, from the classic rock sound of "Gold Lion," and "Way Out" to the slamming beats on "Phenomena" and "Honeybear" (which are sure to be dance floor hits) and lastly a trio of gut-wrenching almost-ballads, "The Sweets," "Warrior" and "Turn Into." Though lacking the urgency that propelled their earlier work, the songs here tell an intricate, darker story—a tale of maturity. When O. shouts during "Cheated Hearts," "Sometimes I think that I'm bigger than the sound!" you believe her because the Yeah Yeah Yeahs have clearly sidestepped the shadow of The Next Big Thing and moved into the light of something more enduring. A future so bright, they'll undoubtedly need some cool, black shades. *- Jeralyn Eve Mason*

CAPONE

Menace 2 Society (Sure Shot)

Ignore the fact that Capone is now the umpteenth Rotten Apple rapper to throw his fitted into the much-maligned "King of New York" debate. Instead, listen up as 'Pone keeps his nasally lyrics and swagger tighter than NORE's belt (pause). It may not be quintessential hood reporting, but hey, he could be doing worse things with his career. Like say, reggaeton?—*Q.S.*

SOUL POSITION

Things Go Better With RJ and AL (Rhymesayers)

When two of Columbus, Ohio's illest put aside their hectic solo schedules and created the humorously ruminative *8 Million Stories,* sub-mainstream rap fans took notice. Now with RJD2 again laying down ineffable soundscapes and Blueprint spitting witty pensive poems, they effectively sidestep the sophomore slump. I guess things do go better with RJ and AL. —*D.S.*

JUVENILE

Reality Check (UTP/Atlantic)

"Man, I'm tryna live, I lost it all in Katrina," laments N.O.'s own "Juve the Great." With one of America's worst natural disasters as a backdrop, Juve masterfully mixes biting social commentary ("Get Ya Hustle On") with his trademarked booty bounce ("Loose Booty"). You gotta respect this man's hustle and flow. —*D.S.*

THE STREETS

The Hardest Way To Make An Easy Living (Vice)

His last record weaved a quirky, album-long narrative, but Mike Skinner spits more bite-sized anthems on his third slice. While samples, instrumentation and sung hooks find their way into the mix, Skinner retains the same everyman, lo-fi appeal, even after becoming obviously comfortable in his niche. Vice Records all day, baby! —*Sawdoff Soljah*

MURS

Murray's Revenge (Record Collection Music)

When does 9th Wonder sleep? I'm guessing with his head on his desk in between Fruity Loop sessions. Linking back up with Murs to take another stab at the Rapper/DJ formula that worked like a charm on *3:16, Murray's Revenge* doesn't disappoint. With 9th's signature soul chopping and nuevo boom-bap and Murs' jocular every-man stories, revenge is indeed sweet.—*D.S.*

TANYA MORGAN

Moonlighting (Loud Minority Music)

Please, save your jokes. They've all been exhausted. Yes, they're a male rap group (comprised of Von Pea and IlWill), whose name resembles that of a neo-soul songstress. We know. We also know that their humorous anecdotes coupled along with plush multifarious production will make you pose the question, "What's in a name?" —*D.S.*

THE COUP

Pick a Bigger Weapon (Babygrande)

"They're finger-fucking Lady Liberty under her dress," mutters The Coup's Boots Riley in "ShoYoAss" on their new album *Pick A Better Weapon.* With help from DJ Pam the Funkstress, Riley espouses in-your-face opinions and ironic socio-political musings over funky beats and dance-floor jams that will have your brain and ass shaking at the same time. —*J.E.M.*

THE RAKES

Capture / Release (V2 International)

So here's the problem with The Rakes' first full length: we've heard it before. Sure these Brits make snotty rock music that makes you wanna knock back a pint of lager, smoke a fag and get into a fight, but so does every other band that rips off the Buzzcocks and the Clash. Joe Strummer is pissing in his grave. —*E.G.*

EAGLES OF DEATH METAL

Death By Sexy (Downtown)

EDM drummer Josh Homme is gonna be a father. Instead of Lamaze classes dude's banging out crazy metal beats with Jesse Hughes. These California cats make the kind of grinding rock you'd hear at a strip club circa 1988: fast guitars and whiskey soaked rhythms. I wish my dad was that cool! —*E.G.*

REVIEWS BY: ELISABETH GALINA, JERALYN EVE MASON, DAMIEN SCOTT, SAWDOFF SOLJAH & QUIET STORM

gallery

BROOKLYN TRAIN GRAVEYARD: AN AUSTRALIAN PLAYGROUND

While Melbourne has a healthy clean train scene, the Brooklyn Train Graveyard, discovered a year or so ago by writers, offers a chance for Australians to bomb everything in sight and get their Burning Man jones. Australian photographer Travis Beard took these shots of the Brooklyn Train Graveyard in mid-2005. Named after its location in Brooklyn, an industrial zone in a suburb of Western Melbourne, Australia, the yard is owned by Sims Metal. The bulk of the yard is made up of older, dilapidated commuter trains discarded by Metropolitan Transport System of Melbourne. As the Metlink installs newer model commuter trains, they discard the trains that have major problems or are too bombed to easily buff. Sims Metal eventually recycles the metals of the trains. In the meantime, thanks to unconcerned security, locals can paint as they wish on the carcasses. Some crews go as far as having painting parties with music and all. Judging from the way that Sims stacks the trains, (painting 30 feet up on a horizontal surface is no easy task), it's safe to say that much of the graffiti is painted before the trains reach the yard. There is plenty of new space as the carcasses stay on rotation. Buy your plane ticktes now! Pretend it's the Catillac Cats' far-out junkyard by day and at night, when the apprentices are done with the fill-ins, they can play capture the flag in the wreckage. Recycling can be fun! Or, if you have other interests down under, hit Travis at *travis@argusphotography.com*.

words: ***Cortez Royce*** *photos:* ***Travis Beard***

Worthy.
42
new balance
PRIDES
new balance
new balance
800 BASKETBALL
new balance

NEW BALANCE'S PRAISE WORTHY CLASSICS

He left the University of North Carolina a champion, a key player in getting Dean Smith his first NCAA title. He entered the NBA as a junior; as a top draft pick he was expected to do the same in the League. When he signed a shoe deal it was understandably a big deal and something completely new. He ended up signing with a relatively small company, an American original. The player, of course, was James Worthy. The shoe company was New Balance.

It had to be weird—a shoe company so close to Boston placing so much of their trust in a Los Angeles Laker. True, Converse already had Magic Johnson on their roster, but they also had Larry Legend. Reebok, when they finally entered the NBA market, went with local favorites Danny Ainge and Dennis Johnson. But up until they signed Worthy, New Balance wasn't really into basketball much at all. In fact, they didn't even make a basketball shoe until 1983's Pride 480 (which was worn by a Celtic, M.L. Carr). The company was originally founded in Boston in the early 1900s as a manufacturer of arch supports and the like. In 1961 they produced the first-ever ripple-soled running shoe, the New Balance Trackster. By the '80s, New Balance was primarily known for their high-quality American-made running shoes.

But a change was coming. When Air Jordan exploded onto the scene in 1985, everybody wanted a piece of the quickly expanding basketball market. And Big Game James wouldn't be the only baller to become the face of a company who previously had little to no presence in the basketball arena(s). Hawks high-flyer Dominique Wilkins had already signed with Brooks, and Akeem "The Dream" Olajuwon signed with Etonic. Worthy was joined on New Balance by All-Star forward Adrian Dantley and Jordan teammate Charles Oakley, among others.

Worthy had already been wearing New Balance when they offered him a then-enormous million-dollar deal in 1986. He also got a signature shoe—the 740—although the models he wore previously were known as "Worthys" to those in the know. The 740 was a fairly basic shoe, a white high-top with black accents and "EVA CORE" cushioning (in other words, foam) that wasn't very different from the basketball models that New Balance had already been offering. About the only difference was the WORTHY name across the tongue. Worthy himself got a white and purple player-only version, but even they weren't that flashy. They may not have looked all that high-tech, but they were available in multiple widths and utilized the same technology as their state-of-the-art running shoes. They were even made in the US of A.

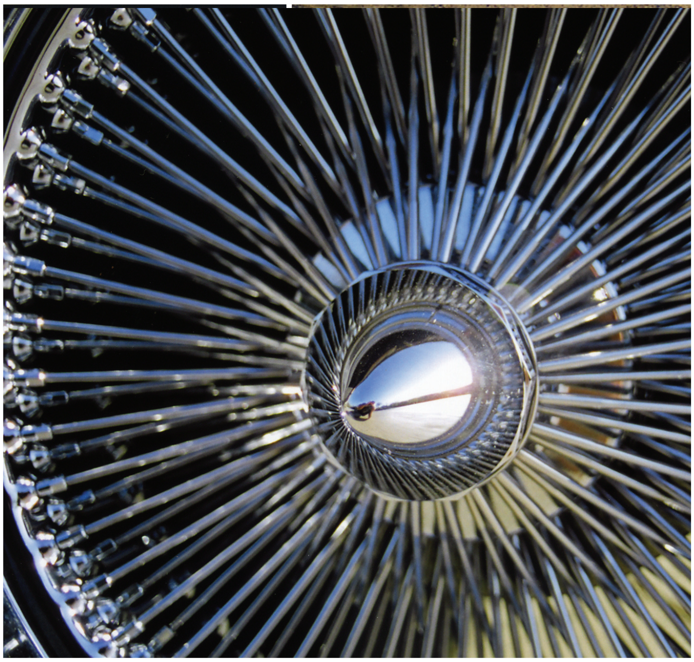
Then came the 790, which was the jumpoff. Higher-cut and more colorful, they were available in white/navy/red or Laker white/purple/yellow, both of which popped hard. They retailed for $90-plus, which was an important number for basketball shoes when you were a high school kid looking for an edge in the hallway fashion wars. And while they may have been New Balance instead of Nike or Reebok, they were a top-of-the-line pro model shoe, which was all that really mattered. The best thing though—at least out on Long Island where I grew up—was that you didn't see too many pairs of them. There were always a select few kids with Jordans, and a big assortment of high-end Nikes, Reeboks, Adidas and Converse. Still, if you had the 790s, you were in. They had the big tongue you could spread out over the front of your jeans, WORTHY spelled out in all caps so no one could miss what you were wearing.

New Balance's investment never really paid off, unfortunately. While Worthy more than proved himself in the L (his 36-point, 16–board, 10-assist triple-double in game seven of the '88 NBA Finals remains one of the best clutch performances in NBA history), New Balance couldn't compete marketing-wise with the Big Three. And you get the feeling their hearts just weren't in it. The last Worthy shoe, a super-high cut model with a Velcro closure across the back of the upper, looked like it was designed for Frankenstein. Worthy would go on to finish his career in Nikes after a brief stint with Adidas.

And after Worthy was done with New Balance, New Balance was pretty much done with the NBA—and pro athletes in general. They adopted the slogan "Endorsed By No One," and only recently have New Balance shoes been once again spotted on the feet of NBA players, mostly benchwarmers and role players. They also recently re-released a couple of the Worthy models, without Big Game James' name attached. That was a good thing, too, because quite frankly, they're not worthy compared to the originals. Squashed uppers (God forbid kids today have to wear an actual high-top), washed-out colors—they can't compete with one of the coolest basketball shoes of all time.

words: ***Russ Bengtson*** *images:* ***Esquire Cream Cool***

Rides and Rims



TRAVIS BARKER'S 1975 COUPE DE VILLE

Her name is Sherbet. She was born in 1975 to a family named Coupe de Ville. This is my man's car, Travis Barker, from Blink-182 and Transplants fame. Travis has been playing the drums since he was a kid and is considered a modern day John Bonham. Through his hard work and focus, God has blessed him with the finances to support a sick car addiction.

Mark Lanskew sprayed the house of candy-color over the streamline cancer-free body. The interior was so beautiful Travis left it alone because it came in a limited-edition plaid made for only one year. Staying old school, Travis dropped the car by cutting the coils and fitted it with 20-inch Dayton Wire Wheels. Bumpin' Pink Floyd, Travis' car beats down the block thanks to A&G Custom Sounds in East LA.

1975 is a special year for Travis because it's the year he and his wife were born to raise hell. Travis is far from satisfied or comfortable with his career. He is about to kill the streets with his new group Expensive Taste (Skinhead Rob, Travis and Paul Wall).

We could spend the next 10 issues featuring Travis' cars, but you gotta start somewhere. Some are sicker than others.

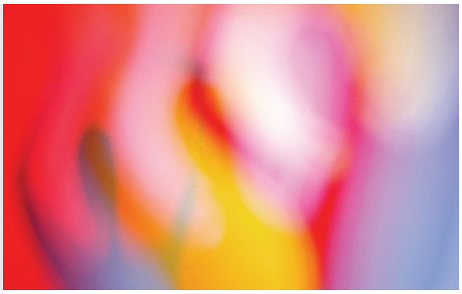
words: ***Mister Cartoon*** *photos:* ***Estevan Oriol***

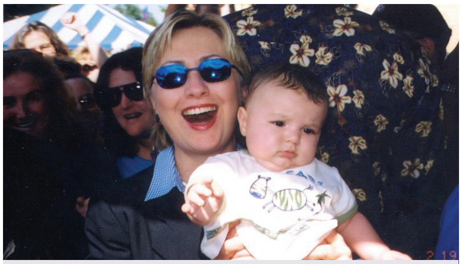
how i get down

Nelly Furtado

ASTRACT ART(SHEININA RAJ)

There's an artist that's a friend of mine, her name is Sheinina Raj, she has some of her exhibitions all over L.A. Her paintings are totally abstract; they're kind of colorful, they focus on color saturation. She uses like all these shellacs, and all these layers of paint on top of each other. I like any art that makes you feel something when you look at it. I don't wanna have to think about it.



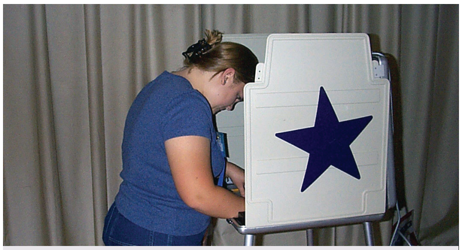


HILLARY CLINTON AUDIO BOOK BOX SET

I bought this Hillary Clinton box CD set. It's actually really inspiring. I just encourage women to read books written by women as much as they can. And something like that is really empowering too, 'cause I was just listening to the CD and she's talking about her life and she's talking about her upbringing and she's talking about her parents and it's just really nice to hear her perspective.

MIAMI

I'm thinking of moving to Miami. I was just driving around the Miami suburbs and I think that Miami would be the absolute best place to be a soccer mom one day. It's sunny there; nothing to bring you down really and your kids can play outside all day because it's never cold. The other thing I really like is the diversity and how many Latin families there are, it's just so cool.



VOTING

I got really actively involved this time 'cause I had a little contest going on my website, just for my fans to write little essays about voting. I only started voting three years ago. All of a sudden, I went, 'Wait a second! My parents grew up in a dictatorship in Portugal, where they weren't allowed to vote, let alone speak about politics.' So that's like, Whoa, I got such freedom here so I might as well exercise my freedom.

PORTUGUESE FOOD

I like cooking Portuguese food sometimes. There's this seasoning we use called pimento paste that's made with hot peppers and vinegar and it's crushed, and basically my mom and all my aunts make it. We put it in jars and we use it all year because you can season everything with it. I'll marinate chicken with it and people think I'm a good cook, but really all I've done is pour on the sauce that my aunt made.

TIMBALAND

I'm a fan of Timbaland 'cause I really love him. I'm a fan of him embracing the whole producer/rock star persona: show up at the studio at two in the morning, driving the latest Porsche, pursuing women, and I love his music. Everything that comes out of his keyboard to me is just like musical adrenaline, just amazing.

MARY J. BLIGE

I've been a fan of Mary since I was 12 years old. There are very few things that I am a fan of. Like, I'm a fan of OutKast, I'm a fan of No Doubt, but Mary J. Blige—I'm like a die-hard fan. I've met her a lot of times and every time I'm always so nervous, it's silly.

MARC JACOBS

I actually really like Marc Jacobs' stuff. I just like the style of it. I think Marc Jacobs really blew up after *Lost in Translation* where Scarlett Johansson was wearing Marc Jacobs. It's kinda youthful; I just find it to be like funky. It is never too cheesy, never too bourgeoisie looking.

REAL WOMEN HAVE CURVES

There's a Mexican-American themed movie that's really cool called *Real Women Have Curves,* it reminded me a lot of my Portuguese culture. It's an indie film. I just thought it was real, I thought it was authentic. I like how the girl in the movie is the girl who wrote the script. I love when screenwriters do that, it's kind of like saying, Hey, I'm gonna play myself.

HIKING

I like going hiking. I grew up in British Columbia so there are a lot of trails and mountains. You can just leave out your backdoor and go for a hike through the woods. And I like the idea of rock climbing, it gets your heart pumping and you're breathing such nice fresh air as opposed to being in a gym. Because I live in the city it's like I have no choice, I just kinda have to go to the YMCA and run on the machines like all the other little mice.

Toy Story

words: **John Hall** photo: **Monsieur Crème Fraîche**

MOTUG

Sick, right? I first heard about these babies from none other than NYC LASE, who is arguably the hardest working man in the graf biz. Graf aside though, dude has designed more vinyl figures for more companies than you could ever hope to keep up with. And now he's killing it again, in cahoots with the MOTUG crew.

If you've kept your ear to the street, you've probably seen or heard about some of the crazy projects that the Monsters of the UnderGround collective have been getting up to lately: gallery exhibits, kicks, tees, walls, toys, magazine covers and more. The collective has garnered a ton of press over the last year and with a killer lineup including both legendary and up-and-coming talents, it's no surprise. The MOTUG affiliates involved in this particular project are Toofly, Doze Green, CES, OBEY (Shepard Fairey), Dizmology, EWOK, GHOST, and of course, NYC LASE. Each gifted participant designed one Toy2R Qee Egg, and in addition there are three more mystery figures to discover as well (two of which aren't eggs). Each of the figures are limited to 1000pcs, and the mystery joints are even rarer—limited to 500pcs each. For Toy2R, 2000pcs of any figure is the norm. Furthermore, this is the first Egg series they're releasing and it's also the first series MOTUG have got down with, so all in all this feels a little bit like a special occasion.

When I asked LASE what to expect from MOTUG in the future, he said, "We have some really cool stuff in the works. We're developing a limited edition jean with a Singapore denim company called Social Massacre. And that's going to be straight rock star! MOTUG is really all about coming straight out of left field on a whole other tip."

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Jamster

REAL TONES

Jamster Top 10 — real

1) I'm N Luv (Wit...) - T-Pain	real7880
2) Yo (Excuse Me...) - C. Brown	real7881
3) One Wish - Ray J	real7882
4) Sex Wit You - M. Houston	real7883
5) Check On It - Beyonce	real7884
6) Rodeo - Juvenile	real7885
7) Temperature - Sean Paul	real7886
8) Unpredictable - Jamie Foxx	real7887
9) Everytime I Think...- Jaheim	real7888
10) DJ Play A Love... - J. Foxx	real7889

Money Mike

Real Tones

Pimp In Distress	real7903
Time Is Money	real7904
Pimp Apparatus	real7905
Ho On Line 1, 2, 3, 4 & 6	real7906
Pick Up Ya Phone	real7907
99 Problems	real7908

Wallpapers

pic3995

pic3996

GAMES

Worms		Johnny C...
GAME1340		GAME1341
Destroy All...	MotoGP	Spy Hunter
GAME1342	GAME1343	GAME1344

HOT REAL TONES

Bet You Can't Do It... - D4L	real7890
Check On It - Beyonce	real7891
Down With The... - Disturbed	real7892
Fresh Azimiz - Bow Wow	real7893
Good Luck Ch...- Jagged Edge	real7894
Laffy Taffy - D4L	real7895
Nasty Girl - Notorious B.I.G.	real7896
Poppin' My... - Three 6 Mafia	real7897
Shake - Ying Yang Twins	real7898
Stay Fly - Three 6 Mafia	real7899
Stilettos - Crime Mob	real7900
Tell Me ... - E-40 ft. Keak	real7901
Yeah! - Usher	real7902

COLOR WALLPAPERS

pic3950 pic3951 pic3952

pic3953 pic3954 pic3955 pic3956 pic3957 pic3958

pic3959 pic3960 pic3961 pic3962 pic3963 pic3964

pic3965 pic3966 pic3967 pic3968 pic3969 pic3970

pic3971 pic3972 pic3973 pic3974 pic3975 pic3976

pic3977 pic3978 pic3979 pic3980 pic3981 pic3982

pic3983 pic3984 pic3985 pic3986 pic3987 pic3988

pic3989 pic3990 pic3991 pic3992 pic3993 pic3994

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5) Bad Boys (Cops Theme)	poly8779
6) Candy Shop	poly8780
7) Don't Cha	poly8781
8) Sex Wit You	poly8782
9) Tubular Bells (Exorcist Th.)	poly8783
10) Sugar, We're Going Down	poly8784

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Are U Wearing Underwear?	fun6656
Demon - Oops	fun6657
Drunk Tarzan	fun6658
Hallelujah	fun6659
Hiccups	fun6660
Ho Lotta Ho	fun6661
Mamma Calling	fun6662
Money Clothes Hoes	fun6663
Offensive Language	fun6664
Oops - You Broke My Phone...	fun6665
Pick Up The Stupid Phone	fun6666
Pimp Juice	fun6667
Police Siren	fun6668
The Crazy Frog - Motor	fun6669
Too Drunk To Ring	fun6670
U Have A Phone Call	fun6671
Water - Drippping	fun6672
Werewolf	fun6673
Zipper Down	fun6674

SCREENSAVERS

move2920 move2921 move2922 move2925 move2926 move2927 move2928

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play @ your own risk

POPPIN' BUTTONS

Geeks rejoice. No longer shall you be forced to fantasize about supermodels and actresses with whom you couldn't sustain a worthwhile conversation. No more wishing Lara Croft would miraculously come to life, Weird Science *style. Your Athena has arrived with Xbox controller in hand and her name is Brookelyn. At first glance, you would assume that Brooke "Brookelyn" Hattabough's—one sixth of the Ubisoft sponsored Frag Dolls—finely manicured hands have never gotten balmy from an all night gaming session. But believe me, Brookelyn will gladly make an ass out of a cocksure gamer, thinking this bombshell is an easy kill. Recently* Mass Appeal *had the pleasure of conversing with Brookelyn on what the life of a professional gamer is really like, what it takes to become one and why her man has to be a gamer. Geeks and gamers alike, you're very welcome.*

HOW DID YOU GET INTO VIDEO GAMES PROFESSIONALLY?
I have a brother and we used to play Nintendo together all the time growing up. When I was in high school, I was really into sports, so I really wasn't into playing video games then. But after high school, I watched my ex-boyfriend play Xbox and he'd play *Ghost Recon*. I picked it up and started playing and that was it. I think I had a natural ability to play FPS (First-Person Shooter) games. That's how a lot of girl gamers start playing; they're introduced by their boyfriends. One of my best friends, Valkyrie, told me about a casting call from Ubisoft on Craigslist about being part of an all-female gaming team. We put together our video game resumes, conducted a phone interview, played a few times over Xbox Live and then flew to San Francisco for a formal interview. We both made the team.

HOW DOES YOUR FAMILY FEEL ABOUT YOU BEING A PROFESSIONAL GAMER?
At first they thought, It's a waste of time. My sister told my mom that she thought I was on drugs because I would just be staying inside for hours at a time playing games. I knew that I always wanted to somehow make a living playing games and now I am, thanks to Ubisoft!

WHAT GAMES ARE YOU CURRENTLY PLAYING?
I'm currently playing: *Rainbow Six 3*... It's my all-time favorite. There aren't too many online yet, but I've been playing *Call of Duty* online, *Condemned* and *King Kong* for Xbox 360. And, I did something recently that I thought I'd never do—I bought a PS2! I've been playing *Guitar Hero*, *Drum Master* game. I like to jam out to it!

WHAT'S THE BEST PART OF BEING A FRAG DOLL?
Getting paid to do what I love: play games. Playing games that I love, because Ubisoft is seriously my favorite video game company. Getting to travel—I used to ask myself, 'How am I going to get out of Wichita, Kansas?' As a Frag Doll I've been able to travel all over the U.S. and I even got to go to Montreal. I love the travel!

IS THERE A SPECIAL SOMEONE IN YOUR LIFE?
Yes, I have a boyfriend, he's actually an animator for Bungie, they made *Halo 2*.

DOES A GUY HAVE TO BE A GAMER FOR YOU TO BE INTERESTED IN HIM?
Definitely. If a guy comes home and expects dinner to be served or whatever it just won't work. If you play games, it's a lifestyle and you can't be with someone who doesn't. It would be like a crack-head living with a Christian or something, it just won't work out. You both have to be crack-heads, you know?

WHAT ADVICE WOULD YOU HAVE FOR A YOUNG ASPIRING FEMALE VIDEO GAME PLAYER LOOKING TO BECOME PROFESSIONAL?
Join a respectable clan. You have to be professional, open doors for yourself. Go to game developers, send in resumes. Keep your web site presentable. Become a good part of the gaming community and play as much as you can. Fortunately for us, the opportunity was there but if you want to do it, you have to open doors yourself.

words: **Damien Scott** *photo:* **Scott Pommier**

Lush Life

Paper

IN DAN LEROY'S NEW BOOK *PAUL'S BOUTIQUE* , HE ILLUSTRATES WHAT THE BEASTIE BOYS DO TO MAKE THIER SOPHMORE TRIUMPH

words:**Elisabeth Galina** photos: **Ricky Powell**

The Beastie Boys were the ones who started it all. No, they didn't invent hip hop, but they paved the way for other middle class white Jews like the Alchemist, MC Serch, Tom Green and everybody's favorite fictional homeboy, David Silver (dude took Donna's virginity). Mazel Tov! Anyway, the Beastie Boys made it happen. The Beasties were hitting the rap rock before Fred Durst ever thought about rolling with the nookie.

In 1989, a few years into a life of fame, fortune and rock star excess, the New York trio traveled west to California to record their second album, a smorgasbord of beats, loops and rhymes about the homeless, eggs and of course, the ladies. In his new Continuum Publishing book, freelance writer Dan LeRoy tackles the creation of an album that has more uncleared samples than the paint section of Home Depot: *Paul's Boutique* [Capitol, 1989].

Billed by some critics as the Beastie's foray into maturity, *Paul's Boutique* was the antithesis of anything the boys had done before. With the Dust Brothers in tow, Ad Rock, MCA and Mike D created a polar opposite to the frat-rock rap of their blockbuster debut, *License to Ill* [Def Jam, 1986]. LeRoy explores the blood, sweat, tears and copious amounts of marijuana that went into crafting *Paul's Boutique*.

Not only does LeRoy give in-depth explanations of what went into each of the album's tracks, you get to learn interesting tidbits, like why the Beastie Boys chose to sign with Capital Records after leaving Def Jam. LeRoy explains the Beastie's obsession with eggs and throwing them off rooftops on unsuspecting passerbyers, why "Shadrach" was chosen as the album's second single and why Rick Rubin now looks like your crunchy old hippy neighbor who keeps trying to push *Zen and The Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* on you everytime you run into him in the laundry room. Okay, the last one's not in there but you do learn some pretty cool shit you can use to trump the nerd from your acting class who won't shut up about all the mad hip hop knowledge he's been gathering.

Paul's Boutique marked the Beastie Boys as serious artists, critical darlings and talented old schoolers who were bridging the gap between what hip hop was and what it would become. Think Diddy would be a champion sampler if it weren't for *Paul's Boutique*? Think Beck would know where it's actually at without *Paul's Boutique*? Think again. LeRoy's book is more than a history of the album that VH1 declared the 74th greatest album of all time, it's chock full of interviews with all the key players involved in creating *Paul's Boutique*. Plus, the book will look great on the shelf next to your "90210" box set.

MATT DIKE

DUST BROTHERS

IMAGES COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHER

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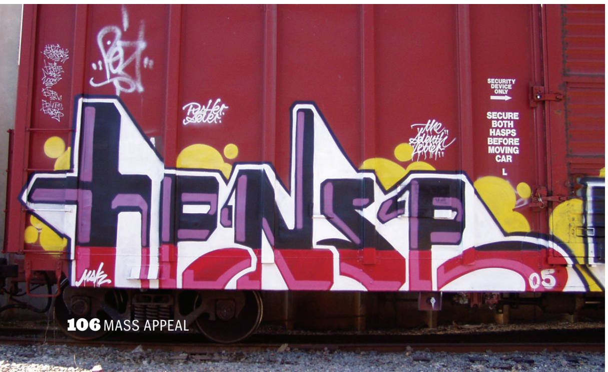
Off The Wall

HENSE

SEVER HENSE


SECURE
BOTH
HASPS
BEFORE
MOVING
CAR

BORN HENSE SEVER

HENSE

Southerners are proud. They're gonna continue to do their thing whether you notice or not. Atlanta native Hense started catching tags in '93 and progressed citywide with his own piecing style by '98. Taking advantage of Atlanta's lax buffing efforts, Hense focuses on older buildings and other interesting spots. "I've stuck with Atlanta probably because it's a good place for an artist to grow and stay productive—not too many distractions, affordable, and cool enough to live and work in," he says. However, Hense often travels, meeting up with other MSK and Seventh Letter boys to push the "quantity and quality" mantra. For the future, Hense looks to push his gallery work, but maintain a strong street presence. This Atlanta hawk knows no bounds.

words: **Cortez Royce**

Whip Appeal

IMPORT ENHANCEMENTS

540 cubic inches? No. 426 cubic inches? Nein. 350 cubic inches? Nyet. 122 cubic inches? Yes! Even at less than half the displacement of most raucous, pavement-pounding, gas-guzzling V8 motors, the svelte inline four-cylinder import motor is something not to be taken lightly. It is the true common denominator amongst those who are searching for absolute performance and excitement. How is all this performance put to the tarmac and translated into pure bliss? Front-wheel drive baby: the most technologically advanced and best performing set-up on Earth. But what's really the most important thing? You have to look fucking good while also enhancing your import car's street prowess. I'm talking hot body mods and wheels! Let's take a closer look at what could be the zenith of car form and function.

Bolt-on engine mods are the easiest way to make mondo horsepower. One such popular aftermarket product is the cold air intake. Cooler air drawn from outside the engine compartment makes for a denser air-fuel charge, thus creating more HP. How much more? Try three to five HP at the wheels. Come get some! The ubiquitous header is another popular bolt-on mod. You were impressed with the intake, huh? Well, this sucker dishes out another seven HP at the wheels, ten HP if you're talking to some hot chick. Major turn-on. Need a stronger spark for that beefed-up engine? An aftermarket ignition box will blast out another five HP. So where do all these mods get us in the end? I'm talking a century and a half! The elite!

But wait—with all that power, aren't you gonna smoke the clutch? Not quite, my friend, because we're talking front wheel drive, the ultimate preferred drag racing set-up. Weight shifts away from the front of the car, thus providing impressive, one-wheel, lightly smoking burnouts. Not only is your clutch saved, but also the non-burning tire. Pure engineering genius. If you prefer racing on backcountry roads, you have nothing to fear. Inherent understeer or "push" keeps you on the road and not driving sideways. Looking like you drift is much cooler than actually having a car that can. Less accidents helps to keep your insurance premium down.

You have the horsepower. You have the handling. What's next? Man, you got to look good doing your thing! Go get that front bumper with the opening for the intercooler that will probably never be there. That's alright. Use some chicken wire for a personal touch. Go get that matching wing that stands higher than your roofline. Now have those pieces and your car painted sky blue or tangerine! Fucking pimp, man! You have to budget yourself because you absolutely need those 22 spinners. Now take a couple steps back and admire your very own, entirely unique creation. The wing kits shave off probably ten HP because of drag. The wheels cut another ten HP because they can barely be turned. Guess what? You're right where you started off. But who cares? You look marvelous.

words: ***Mark Solis***

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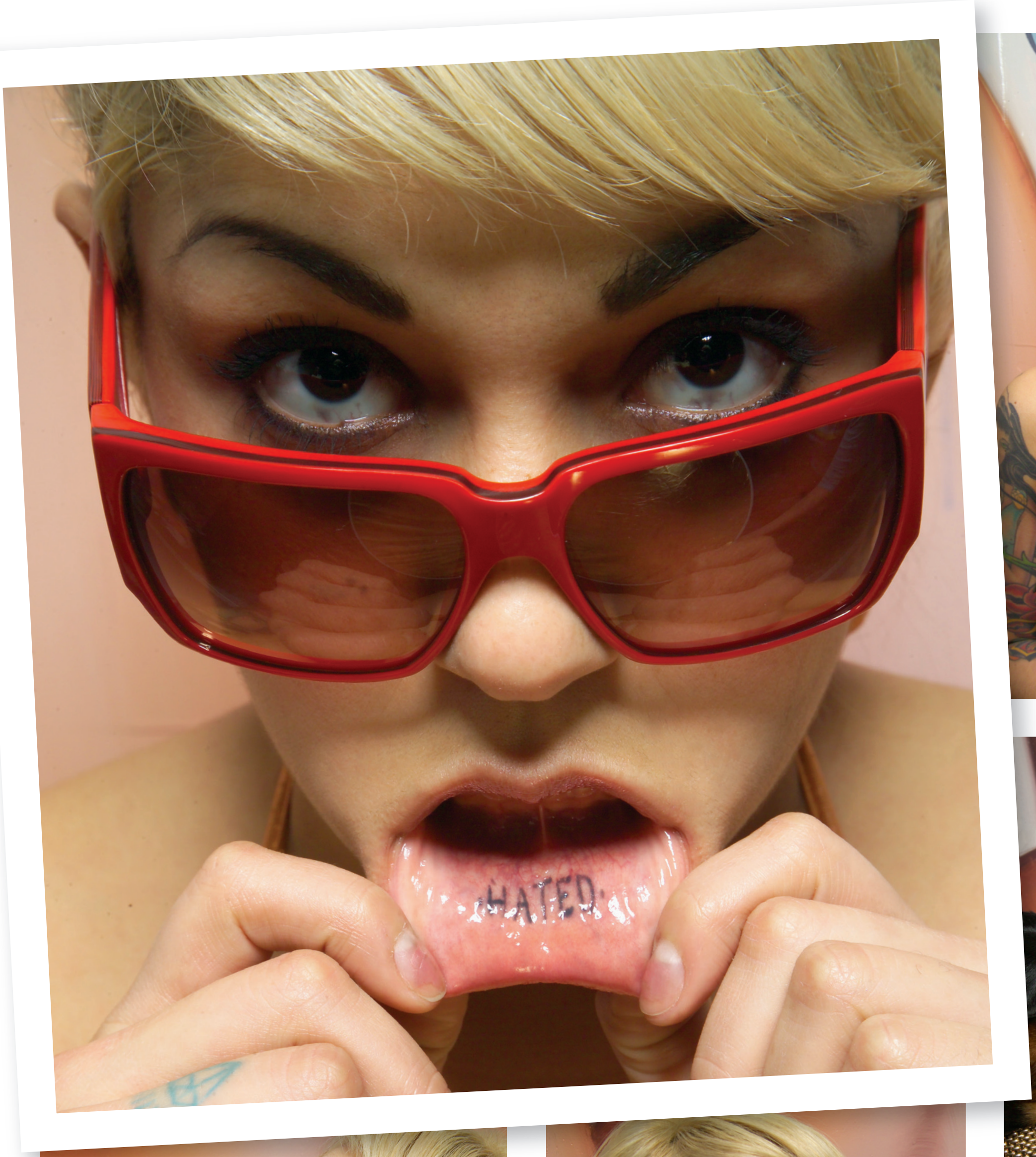

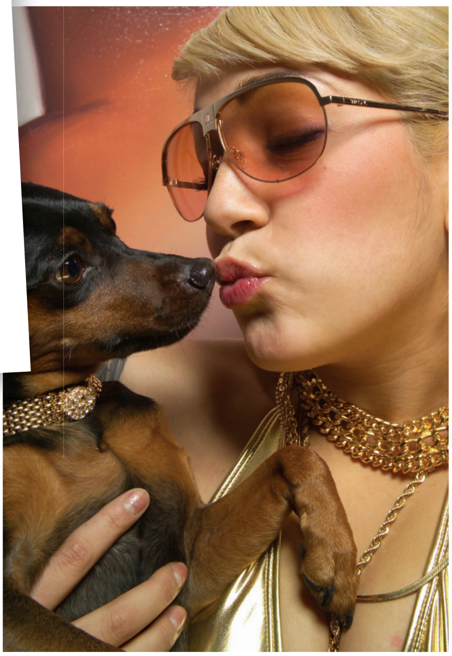

el producto

Clockwise from top corner: Lenny glasses by **Stussy**, *stussy.com;* Swimsuit by **American Apparel**, *americanapparel.com.* Dharma glasses by **Von Zipper**, *vonzipper.com.* Swimsuit by **Gsus**, *gsus.com.* Deer aviator glasses by **We Clothing**, *wesc.com*; Gold bikini by **American Apparel**; Jewelry by **R.J. Graziano**, *rjgraziano.com.* Kareem glasses by **Stussy**. Rhinestone swimsuit by **Guess**, *guess.com.* Heart shaped glasses are stylist's. Turquoise swimsuit by **Guess**.

PHOTOS: PORK THE OTHER WHITE MEAT STYLING: KATE ERWIN & SAMANTHA MOELLER MODEL: CHRISTINA ZULETA

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photos: **Beelzebub** styling: **Samantha Moeller**

Top Row: Kool Herc Tee by ***Sedgewick and Ceder***, *sedgwickandceder.com*. Orange Together Forever tee by ***Mishka***, *mishkanyc.com*. 2ndRow: Skull Tee by ***Pegleg***, *peglegnyc.com*. Razorwire Tee by ***FatCopXXL***, available at *sugarheadquarters.com*. ***The Hundreds x Fresh Jive*** tee, available at *thehundreds.com*. Speak No Evil tee by ***10 Deep***, *tenthdivision.com*.

THINGS GO BETTER TOUR
4/12-Ottawa, ON @ Babylon
4/13-Toronto, ON @ Horseshoe Tavern
4/14-Columbus, OH @ Little Brothers
4/15-Chicago, IL @ Abbey Pub
4/16-Milwaukee, WI @ Onopa Brewing Co.
4/18-Madison, WI @ The Annex
4/19-Minneapolis, MN @ Triple Rock
4/20-Des Moines, IA @ Vaudeville Mews
4/21-St. Louis, MO @ Blueberry Hill
4/22-Cleveland, OH @ Grog Shop
4/23-Buffalo, NY @ Soundlab
5/03-Seattle, WA @ Chop Suey
5/04-Portland, OR @ Berbati's Pan
5/05-Eugene, OR @ WOW Hall
5/06-San Francisco, CA @ The Independent
5/08-Los Angeles, CA @ Echo
5/09-San Diego, CA @ Casbah
5/10-Tempe, AZ @ The Clubhouse
5/12-Denton, TX @ Hailey's
5/13-Austin, TX @ Emo's
5/14-Houston, TX @ Walters on Washington
5/15-Baton Rouge, LA @ Spanish Moon
5/24-Northampton, MA @ Pearl Street
5/25-Cambridge, MA @ Middle East
5/26-New York, NY @ Bowery Ballroom
5/27-Brooklyn, NY @ South Paw
5/28-Philadelphia, PA @ First Unitarian Church
5/29-Charlottesville, VA @ Satellite Ballroom
5/30-Asheville, NC @ Orange Peel
5/31-Atlanta, GA @ Drunken Unicorn
6/01-Mt. Pleasant @ Village Tavern
6/02-Chapel Hill, NC @ Local 506
6/03-Baltimore, MD @ Sonar
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"Both a return to form and a major step forward." -URB (★★★★)
"An album that's for neither hardcore hip hop fans nor punk rockers, but for everyone." -ALTERNATIVE PRESS
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miss appeal

NAME: Eunice Quinones

AGE: 20

HOMETOWN: NYC's Lower East Side

ETHNICITY: Dominican—and a little French.

STATUS:
Single—"not a lot of guys can keep up with my schedule."

OCCUPATION:
Student and singer/dancer in freestyle group Seduction

LOOK FOR HER AT:
The Freestyle Explosion Tour this summer

WOULD YOU EVER DATE A MAN WITH GOLD TEETH?
"No. Gold belongs somewhere else."

WOULD YOU EVER GET PLASTIC SURGERY?
"I have friends who have it, but I don't see anything that needs fixing."

WOULD YOU RATHER DATE: A GUY IN PRISON OR A GUY WHO LIVES AT HOME WITH HIS MOTHER IN NEW JERSEY?
"Lives with his mother in New Jersey. I can't expect too much, I'm 20!"

WHAT'S THE OLDEST GUY YOU'VE DATED? "29."

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN ARRESTED?
"Yes, but it was a mistake. My brother made an illegal left hand turn and it was a company car. The police read it as a stolen car, but it wasn't. They let me go eventually."

GRAPE DRINK OR GRAPE JUICE?
"Grape drink. I don't think I've ever had grape juice."

WHAT ANNOYS YOU ABOUT GUYS HOLLERING AT YOU ON THE STREET?
"First of all, I don't like 'Mami,' because I'm not nobody's mother. And I hate it when they see me on the phone and still try to holler. They follow me, and I'm like, "Can't you see I'm on the phone?" One day I was walking and this famous hip-hop executive grabbed my phone out my hand and entered his number in."

WHO WAS THE LAST GUY WHO TRIED TO PICK YOU UP ON THE SUBWAY?
"The last approach I got was from a Mexican rapper named Nacho Millenium. He was trying to rap about me and then he gave me his business card. But I mean, it wasn't bad."

TRUTHFULLY, WHAT DID YOU DO LAST NIGHT?
"My friend came over and watched me do my hair!"

Spit your best game at missappeal@massappealmag.com

words: ***Brendan Frederick***
photo: ***Brooke Nipar***

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